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ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

A VISIT TO HIS HOME IN DEAN'S YARD.

By Arthur Warren.

Illustrated by Arthur Jule Goodman.

TWO men stood in the study window of a large, old-fashioned house in Dean's Yard, within the precincts of Westminster Abbey, and looked out upon the serene enclosure as it lay splashed with the rays of the falling sun. In the view they saw nothing to suggest the grim materialism of our dying century. The silent, serene spectacle evoked all the poetry of the past. The gray cathedral, thrusting its Gothic arches toward heaven; the spacious quiet of this Old-World corner; the black-ribbed trees, waving their crowns of London green; the distant, mellow chimes of bells; the nearness of the most precious shrine that ever was hallowed by time, by benediction, and by mortal greatness, stilled the crowding thoughts, and for an interval held the gazers dumb. They seemed to stand in the middle ages, watching the turbid stream of history flow over this hallowed spot, the dearest possession of the English-speaking race. Then, suddenly, there came a message from the present, and the two spectators turned from their pageant of visions. "Big Ben," on the Parliament tower yonder, was beating out another hour from the world's life.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said I, "do you ever feel that you are becoming accustomed to this—this living in the very heart of English history, this nook of the planet which is the home-place of your countrymen and of their kith and kin? Surely it can never become a thing-of-course, a commonplace experience? These surroundings must be a constant inspiration to one who spends his life among them?"

"They make this great, grimy London worth living in," said Archdeacon Farrar, as he turned from the window, and pulled a couple of big arm-chairs nearer to the light. He paused for a little in a kind of reverie. The spell of our day-dream was not broken. Contiguity does not always leave impressions where one found them. Somehow I fancied that the archdeacon's was a more virile personality than it had seemed to me when I had seen him yesterday in the pulpit at St. Margaret's. He appeared now taller than in the surplice, younger, deeper of voice, and of robuster frame. Perhaps through the ecclesiastic I was approaching nearer to the man. In the apartment where we sat there was no tinge of sacerdotalism. I recall at the moment nothing in the aspect of the place that suggested the calling of my host, except it were the literary side of him. The room is a writer's work-room, and

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not the cell of a priest. And the man before me, save for his Anglican dress, suggested the poet rather than the preacher, though, doubtless, the line of our conversation had pitched this note in my mind. His hair is a little grayer and thinner than it was when we saw him in America, but he does not look his sixty-three years.

I fancied, too, there had been a deeper meaning in his answer than at first appeared. At any rate, I had heard him preach the day before on God, the Refuge from the troubles and disappointments of our common life. He dwelt then on the passing away of the hopes of youth. He said that among his hearers there was, probably, not a man or woman who had covered half the allotted span of threescore years and ten without learning, in some measure, that nothing in human experience brings the pleasure we had promised ourselves; that success leaves its desires unfulfilled; and that applause does not necessarily yield happiness. What I specially recalled of that discourse was its insistence on the poverty of earthly rewards, and the security of the Refuge where the whips and scorns of time are unheeded, and where, while men without revile and persecute, misinterpret, misunderstand, and misrepresent our acts, our motives, and our thoughts, there is yet One above who knows, who understands.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH. DOCTOR FARRAR'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

I have heard it said that he is a disappointed man, that he had hopes of greater preferment in the Church, and that these hopes have not been realized. But it is rather unfair to state the case in that way. If Archdeacon Farrar had cared greatly for the loaves and fishes of the Establishment, he would, it is reasonable to suppose, have conformed more closely to its customs, not to say its prejudices. The fact is, he has deliberately barred his own promotion. He has not coddled orthodoxy; he has been too liberal for the

powers that make appointments; and he has seen men of lesser light and leading thrust over his head into bishoprics. It would be strange if he did not feel a wound now and then. But if he has known disappointment, it is because he has been denied opportunity for the greater work which a higher position would have enabled him to perform, and not because honors and emoluments have been diverted from his course. He has passed his active Church life at what I may call the school of liberal Christianity—at Westminster Abbey — in touch with that most lovable of men, Dean Stanley, and in association with Stanley's broad-minded successor, Dean Bradley. The Westminster foundation is practically an independent Church, and the archdeacon has carried its influence to St. Margaret's. It is enough to say that Max-Müller and Principal Tulloch have preached in the Abbey, that Charles Darwin's grave is there, and that when the archbishop visits the Abbey the dean is entitled to read a formal protest. Who would make a bishop out of an archdeacon who believed in, taught, and practised this damaging sweet reasonableness? Obviously not the ecclesiastical powers.

A clerical friend of mine who is at the opposite pole from the archdeacon in outward form, not inward sympathies, being a Ritualist of the most advanced type, said to me the other day: "I have the greatest respect for Farrar, but, unfortunately for him, he is in advance of his time. We Britons, you know, love our prejudices, and the majority of my countrymen resent being asked to relinquish the thought that their dearest friends and neighbors are forever damned."

MAIN ENTRANCE TO DEAN'S YARD.

These thoughts were treading on one another's heels when the archdeacon took up the broken thread of our talk.

"It *is* a privilege to live here, but even here life is not all poetry; there is a good deal of strenuous work to be done. Even in a cathedral-close one comes face to face with the toughest problems of human life. We are shut away here from the noise of the world, but not from the woes of it. For you know our Abbey is a religious centre, as well as an historical one, and it brings us into contact with all manner of life. And I have tried to reach out from St. Margaret's to all manner of men. The spirit of our teaching? Catholicity. I think I may fairly say that, though I am often rebuked for my interpretation."

I put another question, hoping it was not too "personal," as the saying goes: "What are the special duties and privileges of an archdeacon?"

"The duties are not onerous, and the position is of value chiefly because it gives me a seat in Convocation. It carries, too, the functions of a rural dean. As for the 'privileges,' as you call them, they are £3 a year."

The archdeacon smiled. "And for the Canonry, that is merged in the

rectorship of St. Margaret's. My incumbency there carries with it a stall in our great cathedral, so that, for two months of the year, I am what they call 'canon in residence;' in other words, I preach in the Abbey during that time. Aside from that, my clerical work is, of course, at St. Margaret's Church."

"But are you, I wonder, like other English rectors? I mean, do you perform the usual parochial duties? If you do, then my wonder increases, because I do not see how you get time for the rest of your work. You are always writing when you are not preaching; at least, that is the notion we have of you in the world outside."

"A life of cloistered ease and dreams of books, I suppose?"

"Something of that kind."

"The conception is delightfully inaccurate. I am the rector of a large parish in which most of the residents are poor. There is not a case of sickness or trouble that I do not personally attend. The ordinary parochial visits are made by my three curates. Between us we know and see every one of our parishioners."

"Then your literary productiveness is the more remarkable."

"Method has something to do with the amount of work a man may get through in a day."

"I have heard so. As the most unmethodical man now living, I have no opinion on the subject."

"Well, I am at work at half-past eight in the morning. I have a large mail, as a rule, and when that is sifted and answered, I work at one thing or another till ten in the evening. I do a good part of my task at the Athenæum Club in the afternoon. But, of course, the chief part of it is done in this study, and at this tall desk by the window. You have probably noticed that I prefer to stand while writing. An hour or two before bed-time I devote to reading. Besides, of course, as Chaplain to the Speaker, I am bound to regular attendance at the House of Commons."

"Daily?"

"At three o'clock, excepting Saturdays."

THE HALL IN DOCTOR FARRAR'S HOUSE.

"On Saturdays you write your sermons, I suppose?"

"No. Monday is my day for sermon writing. I prefer to do that work early in the week; then one has time to dwell upon it."

"Do you preach more than once a week?"

"Twice always. Once at St. Margaret's, and once at some other church in town or country. But it is not my practice to write more than one sermon in a week. And in spite of what you are good enough to say of 'facility,' I think no layman can realize the strain of preparing a fresh sermon for every Sunday in the year during many years."

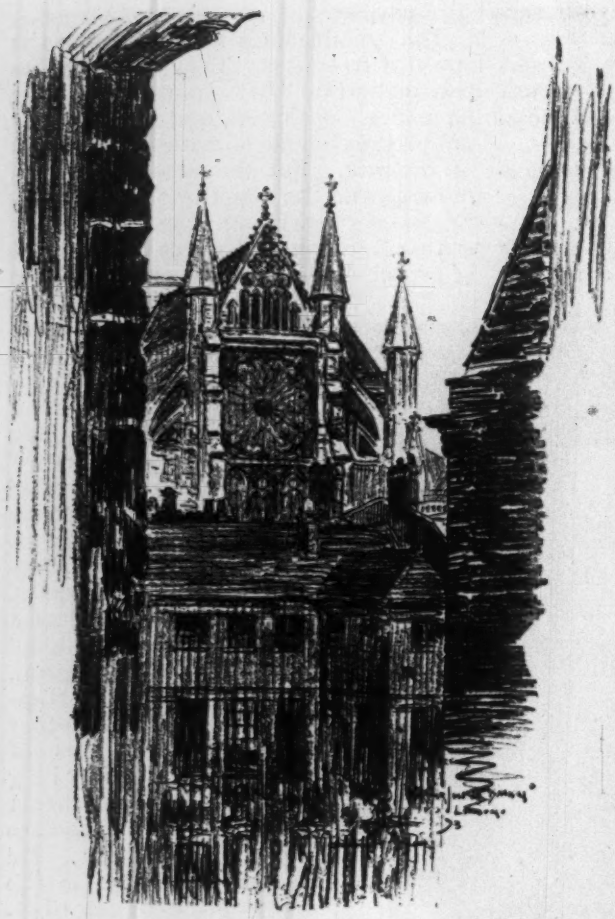
"Unless the 'layman' be a journalist."

"Possibly."

The archdeacon's sermons have the spirit of freshness. They certainly betray no "strain" of preparation. They have been criticised, and perhaps not unfairly, as having something too much of rhetoric. But the tone of them is hopeful, and the effect of them is helpful, as my observation goes. And what is that purpose and effect but the end of preaching? For my own part I have as little relish for sermons as I have for theological controversy or political speeches. Being asked the other day to name the greatest preachers I have heard, I gave but one name — Phillips Brooks. "But surely," said my friend, "you have heard Beecher and Liddon." "Yes, and Spurgeon, and Cardinal Manning, and many other renowned men of widely differing creeds. Beecher I could never dissociate from his oratory. He was an orator in the pulpit and out of it. He was as effective in the lecture hall as in Plymouth Church, and he would have been as powerful in the Senate, had he chosen politics for his career. I can imagine him also as a tragedian. Canon Liddon impressed me as an essayist in the pulpit. But Phillips Brooks was a preacher born. It is impossible to think of him in any other capacity. He was eloquent, but he was more than eloquent. Words with him became exalted messengers; he lifted his hearers, bore them on the swift, strong current of his convincing thought."

DESK AND STUDY WINDOW IN DOCTOR FARRAR'S HOUSE.

The archdeacon happened to men-



THE ROSE WINDOW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. FROM A HALL WINDOW OF DOCTOR FARRAR'S HOUSE.

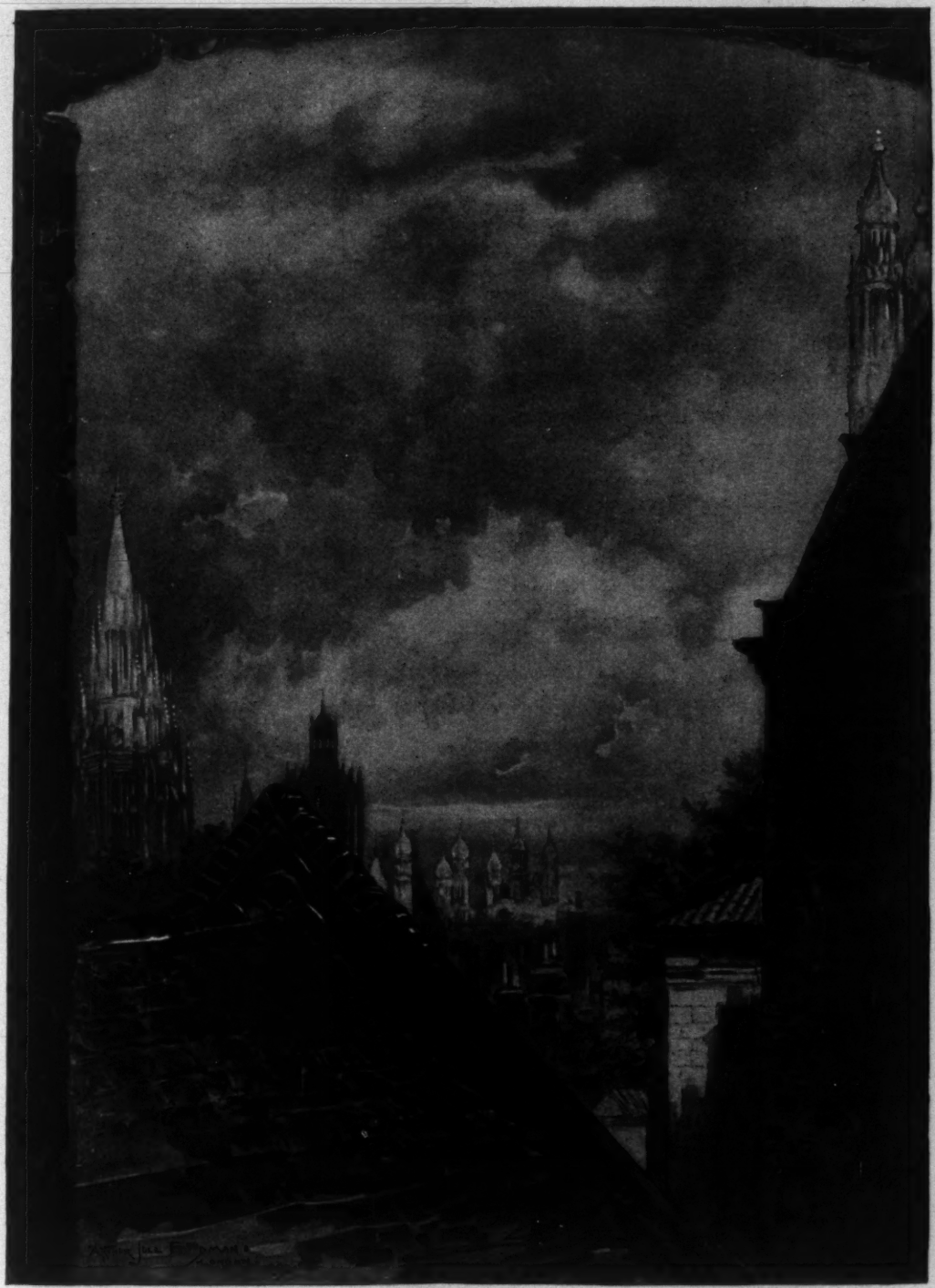
tion the late Bishop of Massachusetts, and, while doing so, he left his chair and lifted from the wall a little frame which he placed in my hands. It held a photograph of Archdeacon Farrar and Bishop Brooks, taken in the latter's study in Boston.

"It is one of my dearest treasures," said Archdeacon Farrar. "I am proud to be associated with that great man, if only on a photographer's plate. How he uplifted us! I was told by one of your countrymen, not long ago, that, since Lincoln's death, America has sustained no loss so great as his. Bishop Brooks was often with us here in London. He came to the Abbey as if it were his home. I know of no man who so filled it, who seemed so truly to belong there, as if he were a part of it. His presence was an inspiration. There are many bishops: there was but one Phillips Brooks."

Then we fell to speaking of the American love for Westminster Abbey, and I said: "We Americans feel that we have a right there; a share in that splendid heritage. And with this feeling is one of gratitude to Dean Stanley, to Dean Bradley, and to yourself for having done more than any other men to bring this feeling home to us. I remember the Abbey services in memory of President Garfield, and of Lowell, when the Abbey was thrown open to Americans, and England stood beside us, doing honor to our dead. I, for one, can never forget the impressiveness of those scenes, nor of that other, when the memorial to Longfellow was unveiled in the Poet's Corner. And I have often asked myself, where, in all America, did we hold a national memorial service to John Bright? And if we had a national Walhalla that would stand to us as the Abbey stands to England, would we, with one accord, have thrown it open to mourning Englishmen and have shared with them in commemorating Tennyson and Robert Browning?"

The archdeacon turned to his shelves, and presently brought down a scrapbook filled with pamphlets and other literary fragments, turning over the collection until he came to an article of his own, printed in an English review five years ago. The paper was entitled: "The Future of Westminster Abbey," and from it he read me this passage:

"I would fain ask it of the whole English and American people—*What is to be the future of Westminster Abbey?* I say of the American people as well as of the English, for America, too, has a



VIEW FROM AN UPPER WINDOW OF DOCTOR FARRAR'S HOUSE.

share, and a large one, in our national mausoleum. One great purpose that the building and its history may serve, is to bind the two nations—which are yet one nation—in closer union. Such questions as 'fishery disputes' ought very rapidly to burn themselves out, when Englishmen and Americans worship side by side in the Abbey, and remember that all its glories and memories up till the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, nay, up to the War of Independence, belong equally to both. 'In signing away his own empire, George II. did not sign away the empire of English law, of English literature, of English blood, of English religion, or of the English tongue.' Elsewhere I have shown more fully the share of Americans in Westminster Abbey. It contains the bust of their most beloved poet. It is enriched by their gifts. It is the first object of their pilgrimage. They feel, rightly and proudly, that it is theirs as well as ours. Therefore, I ask Americans and Englishmen what shall be the future of a building which has been equally 'a seat of royalty and a cradle of freedom'?"

"What is your own answer to the question, Mr. Archdeacon?"

"I give no answer, but I will say, that the stream of English history which has flowed through the grand old Abbey for many centuries, leaving its memorials there, is likely to cease with the Victorian era."

"Why?"

"There is hardly room for another memorial, there is hardly space for another grave. England's great dead must henceforth find sepulture elsewhere, unless the Abbey is enlarged by the addition of a chapel or other suitable building. The matter has been much discussed, but nothing has been *done*."

"I take it that the eternal problem of finance has yet to be solved."

"If you put it in that way, yes."

"But where is the public spirit of England? You English raise money enough at a pinch, and at times even without pinching. The sinking of the battleship 'Victoria' was followed by an immediate subscription of a quarter of a million sterling, I am told. Surely your countrymen will not permit the glorious record of Westminster Abbey to stop at the twentieth century? They will not suffer their descendants to look vainly through the Abbey, as you suggest, for any traces of the thoughts, emotions, discoveries, arts, religion of the generations which succeed the reign of Queen Victoria? This is not a parochial theme, nor merely a London one; it is imperial, nay world-wide, in its interest. The project appeals to the loftiest sentiment of man. There is not an American worthy the name who would not subscribe to it. It is impossible to suppose that England will long remain callous to Westminster's claim upon her."

"England has yet to put her hand in her pocket for the Abbey's sake. The Chapter is poor. We have had to suppress a canonry, and to borrow, to *borrow* mind you, sixty thousand pounds from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in order to carry out the slow repairs now in progress, and prevent the Abbey from crumbling to pieces."

I happened to mention to the archdeacon that I had stood just behind him when Darwin's coffin was lowered to the grave in the north aisle of the Abbey. I had then newly come to England. That occasion was my first experience in Westminster, and, in the eager fashion of youth, I had given myself to a kind of riot of the imagination, under the solemn influences of the hour. When the Garfield service was held I sat in the Poet's Corner, and I remember seeing a gleam of brass at my feet. It was the inscription on Macaulay's gravestone, and I thought how the master of language would have described the impressive scene. I was in England again when Browning died, and I stood at his grave that foggy winter afternoon when he was laid to rest beside Chaucer and John Dryden. I did not see Tennyson's funeral, but when the Laureate died at Aldworth I was staying within a stone's throw of his winter home at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight.

"I knew Browning and Tennyson intimately," said the archdeacon.

"And Macaulay?"

A VIEW OF DEAN'S YARD.

"I met him once, not long before he died. It was at the house of his nephew, my old friend Sir George Trevelyan. I sat next to Macaulay at dinner, and listened in a kind of enchantment through the conversation which he had led for an entire evening. There was an undertone of sadness, and his health was failing; but I can never forget the charm of his discourse, nor the simple ease with which he drew upon his marvellous stores of knowledge.

"I was much in contact with Tennyson during many years—forty years, as I remember—for I was a young man when I first came to know him through his kind interest in a book I had written, and in which I had dwelt on the fact of his surpassing all other poets in 'making the sound an echo to the sense.' My most delightful recollections of him concern the many times when he read his poems to me, sometimes, too, before he had given them to the world. This was a great privilege. I remember that in one of our conversations I told him the story of St. Telemachus: how that Eastern saint and hermit leaped down between the swords of the gladiators and lost his life, and how his noble act of self-devotion aroused the Christian world. Tennyson was deeply impressed with the story. He said he would make it the subject of a poem. 'But,' he added eagerly, 'do not tell my intention to anyone.' He was always averse to letting the world know what he was working on. He wrote the poem on Telemachus, as you know. I embodied my recollections of Tennyson in a series of articles signed 'Nemo.' They were published in England early in the months of 1893. In the Poet's Corner there will be, ere long, a bust of the Laureate, by Woolner."

Speaking again of the Abbey, I said that its neighbor, St. Margaret's Church, seemed to me, with all deference to its rector, a misplaced structure. It hides Henry the Seventh's beautiful chapel, and it suffers in contrast with the superb cathedral. Some parochially-minded persons of the Georgian days were probably responsible for putting the church where it is, and blocking the view.

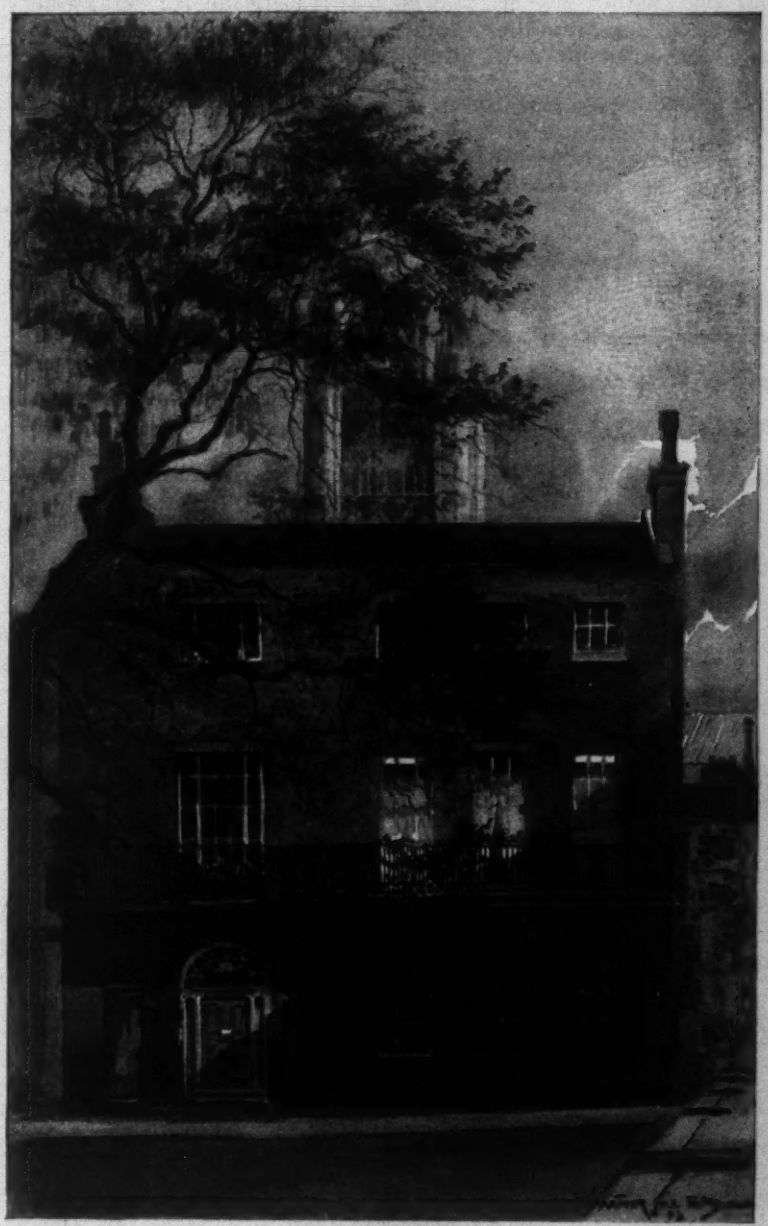
ENTRANCE TO DEAN'S YARD THROUGH THE CLOISTER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the archdeacon. "You have fallen into a very common error. St. Margaret's is an old church. Indeed, our parish is the mother-parish of West London. All the parishes west of Temple Bar have been carved out of it, at one time or another. There has been a church on the site of the present edifice from almost the earliest days of the Abbey; for in the monastic time the Abbey

was not regularly used for public worship. It was the special and peculiar property of the monks of Westminster. So what we know as the parish church was built a few yards north of the Abbey, in order to serve the people who lived to the west of ancient London."

"Then the Georgian church-wardens were not responsible?"

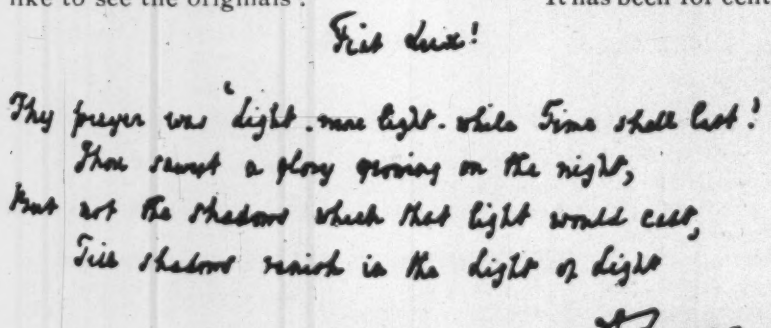
"No. But I do not agree with you that St. Margaret's is out of place, nor that it obtrudes itself upon the view. On the contrary, I think that by contrast it enables one to appreciate the better the noble proportions of the Abbey. Of course, the church has been restored at various periods. In my own time it has been greatly altered. When I came here it was very ugly. I have had the galleries removed, a porch added, and the hideous old graveyard, across which you walked on tombstones to the Abbey, levelled and sown with grass. Within the church we have many interesting memorials. Our east window is one of the most beautiful in England. It was given by the Hollanders to Henry VII., and it was intended for the chapel that the king was adding to the Abbey. But Henry died before the work was finished, and the window was set up in the chapel of the Abbot of Waltham. It was subsequently removed to a country house in Essex, a



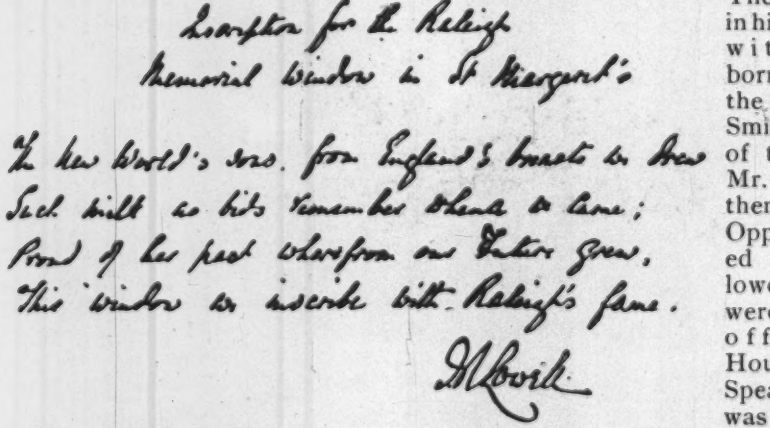
DOCTOR FARRAR'S HOUSE.

place that later on belonged to General Monk. One hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, the window was presented to our church by public subscription.

"Then there is the memorial to Caxton. If you have a turn for antiquity you will remember that Caxton set up his printing press within the precincts of the Abbey, and that within a very few yards from where we are now sitting the first English book was printed in this country. Caxton was buried in the church, and a lovely window has been placed there by the London printers. For this window Tennyson wrote the following lines; perhaps you would like to see the originals:



"Lowell, and Lewis Morris, my old school friend Sir Edwin Arnold, and Robert Browning have also written lines for windows in St. Margaret's. Here are Lowell's lines on the Sir Walter Raleigh window:



"The Raleigh window was presented to us by Americans. I once happened to mention that Raleigh lay buried in St. Margaret's, but that there was no memorial to him in the church. Very soon after that the Americans provided this beautiful window. You Americans are not only liberal, but you give twice in giving quickly. I am proud to say that your countrymen take an increasing interest in St. Margaret's as a church. If it were not for being overshadowed by the Abbey, the historical interest of the place would be even more highly regarded than it is now."

"Has not your church some sort of official connection, if the phrase is permissible, with the House of Commons?"

"It has been for centuries the church of that House, but the fact, or, at any rate, the custom attaching to the fact, was very nearly forgotten by the time I became rector. I hope that I have done something to revive the old relation. There are now several pews reserved solely for members of the House. You may recollect that at the time of the Queen's Jubilee the House of Commons attended a special commemoration service at St. Margaret's. The Speaker came in his wig and gown, with his mace borne before him; the late Mr. W. H. Smith, then leader of the House, and Mr. Gladstone, then leader of the Opposition, attended with their followers; and there were present all the officers of the House and two ex-Speakers. That was for me a memorable occasion. It was by way of recognizing the traditional connection

of St. Margaret's with the House, that Parliament voted one thousand pounds toward the restorations we have recently carried out. I wonder if public sentiment, and political, not to say sectarian division, will ever sanction another appropriation of that sort, supposing it to be needed in the time to come?"

"I wonder!"

"Here are Robert Browning's lines for the Jubilee window:"

Fifty years' flight! wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?
This — England echoes his attesting voice:
"Wondrous and well — thanks, Ancient Show of Days!"

Robert Browning

When Archdeacon Farrar preaches, St. Margaret's is crowded to the doors. Indeed, the aisles are packed with people half an hour before service time, so that a stranger must test his powers of endurance before he can secure a place to hear the sermon. When the clock strikes eleven all unoccupied seats become available for the waiting crowd.

I said to the archdeacon: "From the number of my countrymen frequently seen in the church at service time, I venture to think that you regard America as in some sort a vast outlying parish of St. Margaret's."

"Well," came the merry reply, "a thought of that kind would smack of egotism on my part, but you have pleasantly expressed a cordial feeling which is continually shown to us at Westminster by Americans. I can, at least, make a friendly claim that many citizens of the Republic are temporarily my parishioners. Do you know we have an American pew at St. Margaret's?"

"I had not heard of it."

"Oh, yes! There are sittings exclusively reserved for American visitors. When you come to the church again, tell the attendant that you are an American, and he will show you to the 'American pew.' You will not have to wait in the crowd. But I am afraid that you must come early."

"I cannot say that I know of any American churches which have 'English pews.' We are not inhospitable, though; but I fear that you, at St. Margaret's and the Abbey, leave us greatly in your debt."

"Not so! You are more than hospitable. For myself, I have the most delightful recollections of your country and its people. Besides, I have given a hostage to America. One of my sons is in Philadelphia, connected with the journal of my dear friend Mr. George

PORTRAITS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS AND DOCTOR FARRAR, TAKEN IN BOSTON, MASS., BY NOTMAN.

W. Childs. Speaking of journalism, I may tell you that in St. Margaret's is buried the Englishman to whom, perhaps more than to any other, Britons owe the establishment of the penny press. Edward Lloyd, father of the famous tenor, established the 'Daily Chronicle,' the organ of modern English liberalism, and he fought many years against the oppressive stamp duties which retarded the growth of journalism in Great Britain. He died three years ago, and a window to his memory was placed in St. Margaret's, bearing these lines by Sir Edwin Arnold:"

A Master-Printer of the Press. He spake
By mouth of many thousand tongues; he swayed
The pens which break the sceptres. Good Lord! make
Thy strong ones faithful, and Thy bold, afraid!

Edwin Arnold

March 27. 1891.

We talked a while on the active work of my host, on his views of church polity, and particularly on the relation of the Church of England to the masses of the English people. I was much impressed with the broadness of this Broad Churchman's mind. He spoke as one of the most tolerant of men, and as one whose aim is to do what little a man may to leave human life brighter and better than he found it. That aim, he would say, is what makes life worth living. He will, to this end, join hands with any worker, no matter how widely their professional formulas may differ. I have seen him on the same platform with Cardinal Manning, pleading for temperance, and speaking against the persecution of the Jews; I heard him from his own pulpit pronounce a eulogy on Cardinal Newman; and he was, I believe, the first Churchman to speak in behalf of "General" Booth's plan for the succor of "Darkest England." When one has talked much with him, one must be convinced that, behind the archdeacon's gentle manner and silvery voice and sensitive face, there is a determined nature that will strike for the right at any hazard. That was my feeling as I left him. He came with me to the door, and wished me good speed on the long journey I was about to undertake. I passed again through Dean's Yard, and thought how like it is to some old College "Quad" at Oxford or Cambridge. It is, indeed, the only thing of the kind that London has to show. You can see the footprints of the centuries in these precincts. But "Big Ben" was clanging again as I went through the archway. It was like passing into another world as I got upon the bustling modern thoroughfare, for even here, within the shadows of the Abbey, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

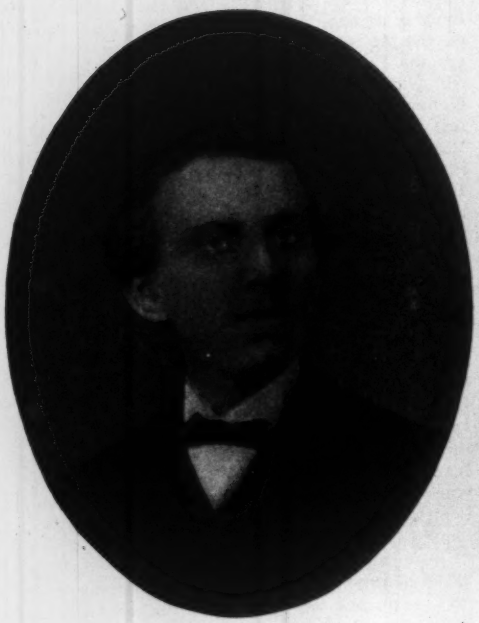
WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, who is rightly credited with having made a "new journalism" in England, was born July 5, 1849, and is the son of a Congregational minister. Leaving school at fourteen, he entered, first, a mercantile office, and then the Russian Vice-Consulate at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He began his editorial career at twenty-two on a daily newspaper at Darlington. In 1880 he became the assistant of Mr. John Morley on the "Pall Mall Gazette," and in this relation made that intimate study of Mr. Morley which found record in an early number of the "Review of Reviews." On Mr. Morley's retirement from the chief editorship to enter Parliament, in the spring of 1883, Mr. Stead succeeded him; and under his direction the "Pall Mall Gazette" very soon became distinctly different from anything in the way of a newspaper theretofore seen in England. It proved especially effective in the exposure of political and social abuses. In 1890 Mr. Stead, having previously retired from the "Pall Mall Gazette," founded the "Review of Reviews," and the English edition of that magazine is still the object of his untiring labors. He is a famous worker, despatching every day a great quantity of business. In 1886 he published a book on the Irish question, "No Reduction, no Rent;" in 1888, "Truth about Russia;" and in 1889 a volume on the Vatican. Mr. Stead's active life has been fraught with novel experiences, and of these perhaps the most notable is his residing for three days as an ordinary criminal in Coldbath prison. These three days were part of a sentence to three months' imprisonment laid upon him in prosecutions growing out of his exposure of gross social evils. He served out the full three months, but after the first three days, by the order of Lord Salisbury, his lodgment became that of the more favored misdemeanants. At his release a crowd of people who approved his course welcomed him, and gave him a great public testimonial.

FELLOW-STUDENTS of the Honorable WHITELAW REID at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, relate that, in his undergraduate days, he was an especially devoted reader of the "New York Tribune," and even that he declared that he would one day be its editor. Whether the reminiscence be drawn from memory or from fancy, Mr. Reid, on his graduation in 1856, immediately set foot in the path likeliest to lead to some such goal as the tradition credits him with having thus early chosen. He became editor of a newspaper at Xenia, Ohio, near which town he had been born October 27, 1837. At the beginning of the war he took service as special correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette," first at the State capital, Columbus, and later in the field, where for a time he served also as aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans. His letters written during and after the war under the pen-name of "Agate," attained an authority rarely equalled in newspaper correspondence. From 1863 to 1866 Mr. Reid held the office of Librarian of the Ohio House of Representatives. He was also engaged for a short time in cotton planting in the South, out of which experience grew a book, "After the War," published in 1866. In 1868 he published a history of "Ohio in the War." The same year he joined the staff of the "New York Tribune," and at Mr. Greeley's death, in 1872, he became its chief editor. After declining the ministership to Germany at the hand of two preceding presidents, he accepted, in 1889, from President Harrison, an appointment as American Minister to France. In the last presidential election he was the Republican nominee for vice-president. There have been no terms of ambassadorial service that reflected more credit on the ambassador, and were of more service to his country, than Mr. Reid's ambassadorship to France. He displayed dignity, firmness, and great address, and was able to relieve American commerce of very irksome restrictions.

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

AGE 10. 1859.

AGE 11. 1860.

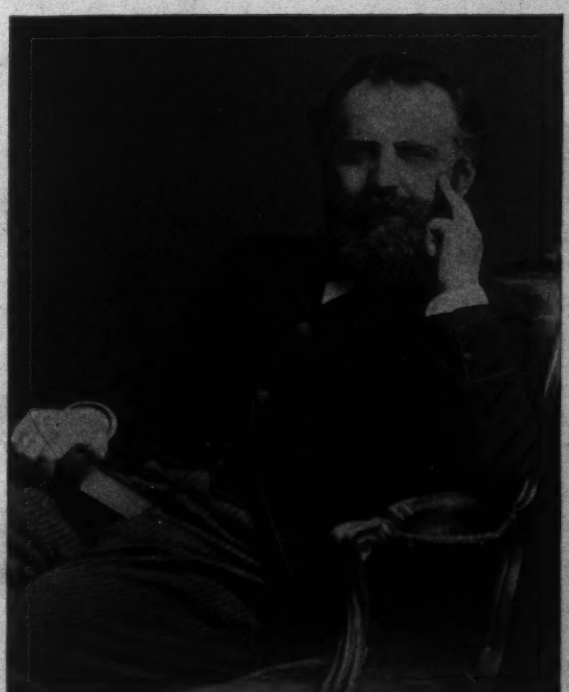


AGE 18. 1867.

AGE 22. 1871.

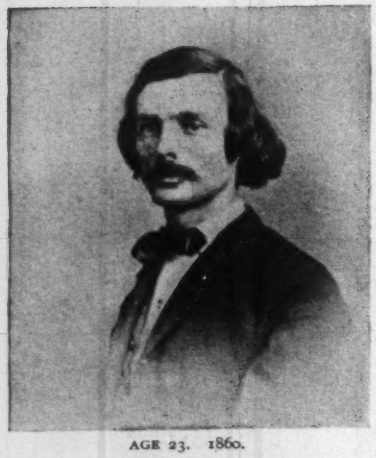
1885. A CONVICT IN COLDBATH PRISON.

AGE 41. 1890. FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY OF LONDON.

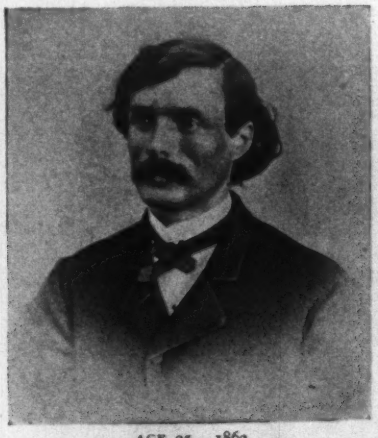


AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON.

WHITELAW REID.



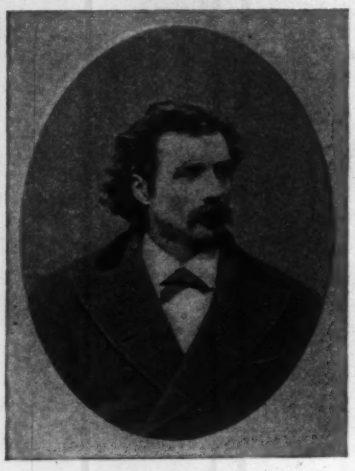
AGE 23. 1860.



AGE 25. 1862.

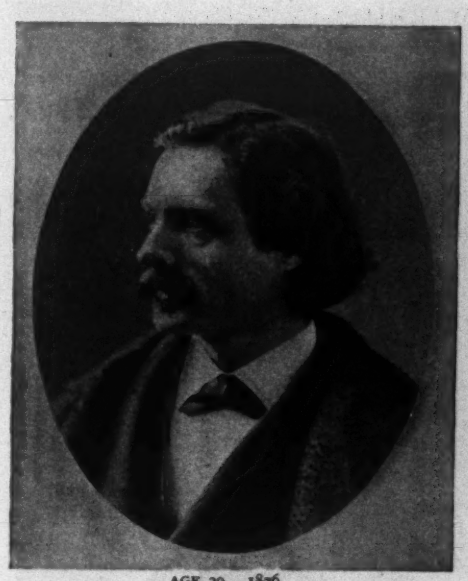
AGE 29. 1866.

AGE 31. 1868.

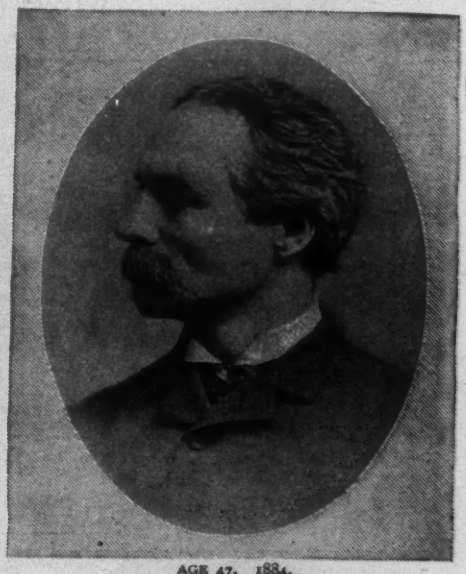


AGE 36. 1873.

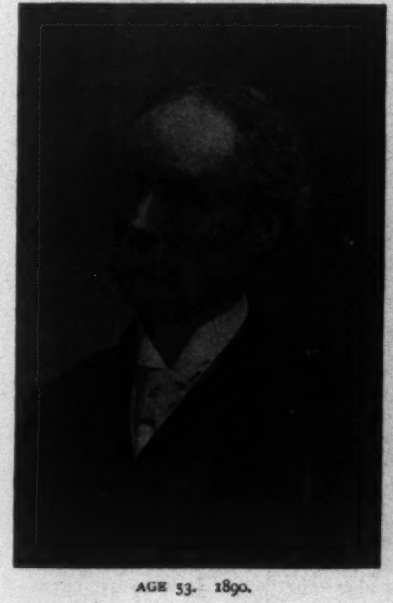
AGE 38. 1875.



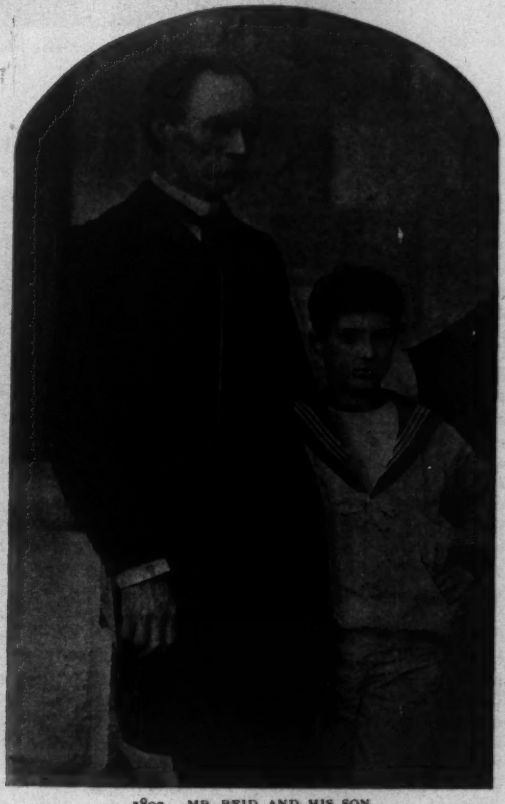
AGE 39. 1876.



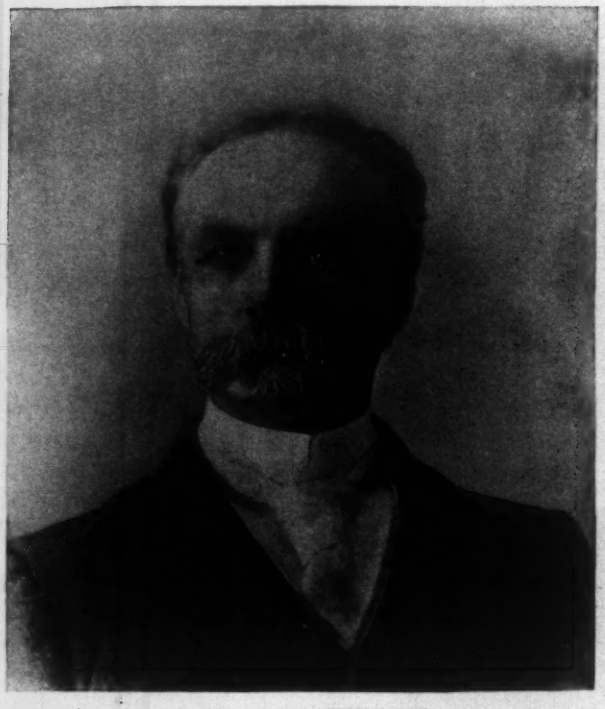
AGE 47. 1884.



AGE 53. 1890.



1892. MR. REID AND HIS SON.



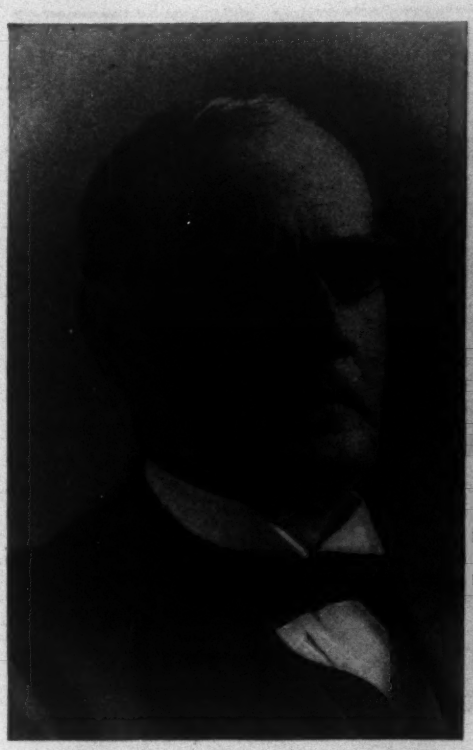
MR. REID AT THE PRESENT TIME.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

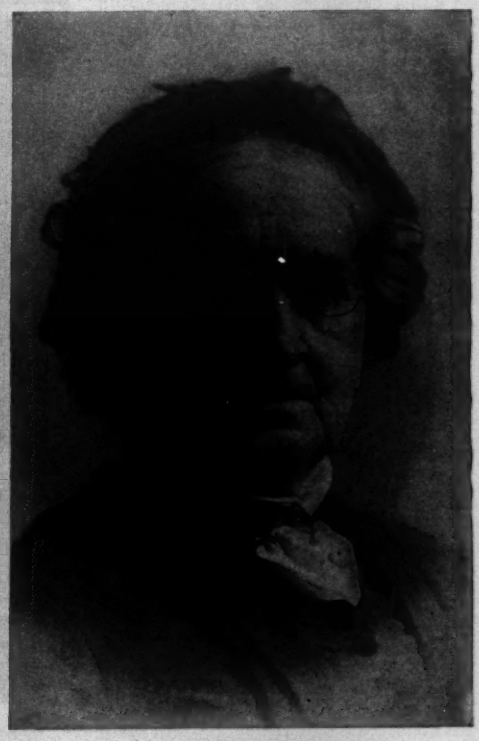
A Biographical Sketch by Frank B. Gessner.

William McKinley, who in his election for a second time as Governor of Ohio has just surpassed all previous governors of Ohio save one, Governor Brough, in the size of his majority, was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. His father—William McKinley also—was of Scotch-Irish extraction, and died but a short time since, at about eighty-six years of age. His mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Allison, and who brought a slight German strain into his blood, still lives, at the age of eighty-four. Thus that lustihood which, after regularity and vividness of feature, is the first thing noted in Governor McKinley by the stranger, comes to him by direct descent. So, too, does that cast of mind which, along with a certain incapacity for sudden, resplendent feats, gives him indomitable endurance and singleness of purpose, and an obstinate, unhasting thoroughness. The family were fairly prosperous, and the nine children—five sons and four daughters—were given more than ordinary education. After passing a few sessions at a local academy, Governor McKinley became himself a teacher, and was presiding over a country school when the war broke out and drove him into a very different service. He enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio, a famous regiment, commanded at different times by General Rosecrans, ex-President Hayes, and ex-Governor Cox. He was promoted September 24, 1862, to second lieutenant; a few months later to first lieutenant; and July 25, 1864, to captain. For gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek he was also brevetted major by President Lincoln. Although not allowed to remain one long, Governor McKinley has always felt a just pride in having once been a private. The musket that he carried was carefully sent home, and is now treasured as a relic by his intimate friend, the Honorable C. K. Miller. At his second inauguration as Governor of Ohio, in January next, it will be shouldered by one of the soldiers in the company of militia that is to serve as guard of honor.

At the close of the war, Governor McKinley was offered a commission in the regular army, and inclined to accept it, but was dissuaded by his father. Instead, he studied law. On being admitted to practice, he established himself in the town of Canton, Ohio, where he had a rapid success, rising within two years to the office of prosecuting attorney for the county. Within a few years also—that is, on January 25, 1871—he made a peculiarly happy and helpful mar-



WILLIAM McKINLEY, GOVERNOR McKINLEY'S FATHER. DIED IN 1893.



GOVERNOR McKINLEY'S MOTHER. AGED 84 YEARS.

MRS. McKINLEY.

riage, winning for his wife Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a prominent and prosperous citizen of Canton. The consecration of sorrow has not been withheld from this union; for two young daughters, the only children born of it, have died, and Mrs. McKinley herself is forced to a constant and painful contention with ill health. But this has only served to identify the interests of husband and wife the more closely, and to make each the more studious of the other's happiness and welfare.

Governor McKinley was first elected to Congress in 1876, and he served continuously there until March, 1891, save that late in the first session of his fourth term, in a contest over his seat, the House decided in favor of the contestant, Mr. Wallace, and for the remainder of that term Governor McKinley was retired. On the 7th of June, 1891, he was unanimously nominated by the Republicans of Ohio for governor, and was elected by a plurality of 21,511. At his recent reëlection his plurality was 80,900.

The part of his Congressional service by which Governor McKinley is best known is his authorship, as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, of the McKinley Tariff Act. But he has done much other important work in Congress, serving on the Committee on the Revision of Laws, the Judiciary Committee, and the Committees on Expenditures, Post-office Department, and Rules. In 1889

he was a candidate for the speakership of the House, but was defeated by Mr. Reed of Maine.

It is no new association, that which one now hears on every side, of the name of Governor McKinley with the Republican nomination to the Presidency. In the Republican National Convention of 1888, when the course seemed to be opening to the "dark horses," there were prophets who predicted with all confidence the nomination of McKinley; and to this day it is an open question whether anything could have kept these prophecies from fulfillment but the rising of Governor McKinley in convention, and his protesting, in the interest of Senator Sherman's candidacy, which he was supporting, against the casting of votes for himself. In the convention of 1892, the movement in his favor was, if not actually stronger, at least openly so. Of this latter convention he was the permanent chairman. He sat also in the Republican National Convention of 1884; and one of the memorable scenes of that convention was the reading of the platform by him in his rich, far-reaching voice.

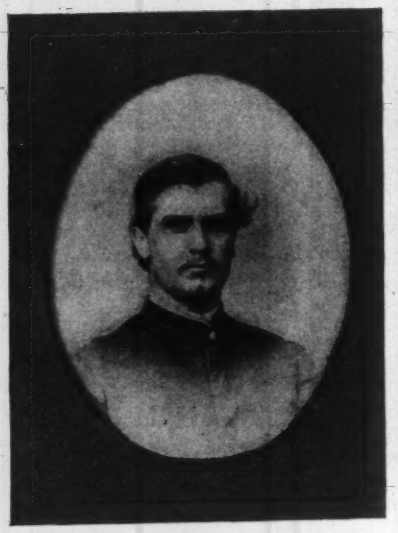
THE McKINLEY HOMESTEAD AT CANTON, OHIO.

Since his entrance to Congress in 1876, Governor McKinley has been so constantly in public life that he has had little occasion for a house of his own in his home town of Canton. When there, he lives, as convenience and pleasure dictate, with Mrs. McKinley's family, in the Saxton homestead, or with his own, in the McKinley homestead; rather more with the latter, perhaps, than the former. Of his own family, the circle is now reduced to his aged mother and his sister Helen. At the State capital, Columbus, where the governorship now keeps him, he has avoided setting up a house of his own, partly on account of Mrs. McKinley's uncertain health, and they live in a hotel. But they receive many visitors there, and make amends for the narrowness of the quarters, if amends were needed, by the warmth and readiness of the greeting. As an instance of Governor McKinley's disposition to do whatever he does thoroughly, it may be mentioned that in his last canvass he made one hundred and ten public speeches.

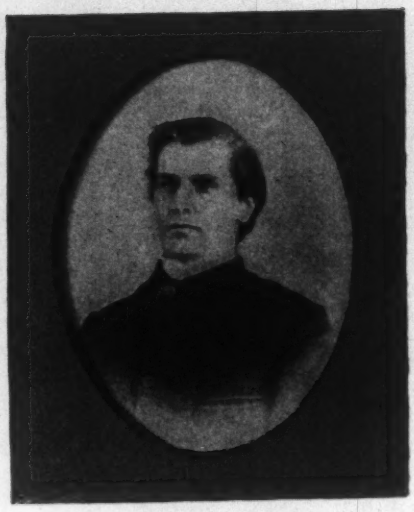
THE CAPITOL, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

1862. A SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO.

1863. A FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO.

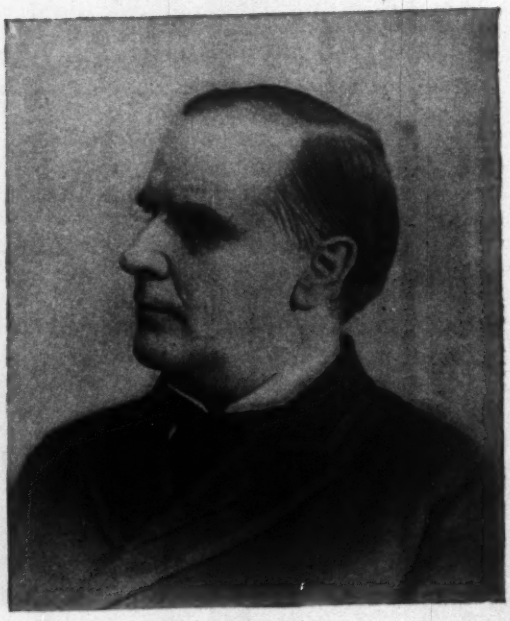


AGE 22. 1865.



AGE 23. 1866.

AGE 34. 1877.



AGE 47. 1890.

A VISITOR AND HIS OPINIONS.

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND UNSEEN.

By Mrs. Oliphant,

Author of "A Little Pilgrim," "Old Lady Mary," etc.

CHAPTER I.

HE came round the corner of the cliff suddenly, no step or rustle, as of a wayfarer, betraying him before he appeared, with something indefinable in his pose, as if he had just descended from a height, and a quick look around as at an unknown landscape, quite new to him. It was near Dover, on the road that leads by the sea, past the castle heights, towards the town. A man more than ordinarily tall, of an imposing personality so far as could be seen in the darkening air, clothed not like the usual wayfarers on that road, but in long, dark-colored garments, scarcely definable, different from ordinary English dress, though it was scarcely possible to say in what way. His sudden appearance was very startling, as heralded by no sound or step, to the one or two people going in the other direction, who met him without any warning, and started aside a little to make way for him, without well knowing why. The covering on his head was like a close-fitting Spanish cap, but enveloped with filmy folds of something dark which made it resemble a turban—all vague, however, in the ever-decreasing light. Something shone in the front of this cap, vague also, like a faint star among clouds, or the gleam of one of those little electric lamps that are now so much in use on the stage. It flashed in the eyes of a man on the road, and dazzled him so that he had almost fallen over the cliff, though the other with whom he was walking saw nothing at all, but asked, "What light? I saw no light," when his companion cried out. The passenger, however, neither paused nor questioned, but walked on with an exceedingly light, firm step, and a certain air of noting everything about him, though he did not stop to look either to the right or left. He went on into the town, keeping his way straight, crossing streets, and even the railway itself, without the faintest hesitation or alarm, with the air of one whom neither train nor heavy wagon could hurt; as if he could have wafted them all away by his breath or a wave of his hand. And this air of quietness, of calm assurance, as if nothing could harm him, was very impressive, and made people turn to look after him as he went swiftly, lightly past them. Who was he? One knows that princes are not greater to look at, larger, stronger, more powerful, or even more imposing in aspect, than other men; yet there is a certain tradition of grandeur lingering about the name, so that several people said, "He looks like a prince," as this man went by.

He went to the great hotel, the Lord Warden, which we all know, and where, as he rose into the light, ascending the steps, much curiosity was excited, and a sudden pause occurred in the little bustle of people coming and going. It was such a pause as might occur if somebody had suddenly said, "The Prince of Wales is coming." The porters and other attendants about backed into corners; the manager came forward, bowing low, and rubbing his hands nervously; and the guests in the hotel drew aside in little clusters, gazing at the new-comer, who, though he had nobody to announce him, and came forward attended by no suite or servants, made this curious impression on all who saw him. He came up to the obsequious manager, with again

one almost imperceptible flash of a look round, which took in everything, as everybody felt—a true prince's look, which in a moment recognizes whoever there may be who is known; but there did not seem to be any one here known to this great personage. He said a few words to the manager in a tone which was not German or any accent we are used to, but yet not English either—in a large, sonorous voice which gave a thrill to every one standing by. The manager bowed more and more, till he seemed almost doubled in two. "It is all right, sir—your Highness—my lord," he said; and instead of calling any inferior, took up suddenly a pair of silver candlesticks in which the candles had just been lighted for some other guest, and himself went mounting backwards, very uncomfortably, up the stair, showing the way. The prince, or whatever he was, smiled, and said, "Walk, sir, as nature intended you." These words were heard by everybody. They were not very extraordinary in the way of words, but yet they were repeated in the most curious way from one to another, as if they had possessed the most remarkable meaning. "I heard him say it with my own ears," various people said afterwards, as if they had been made partakers of some great axiom of wisdom. It was to the best apartment in the house that the stranger was led—a spacious sitting-room, with large windows looking out upon the Channel, which that night was "dirty," flustered by big waves with white tops which rose and fell, making a fine effect to those who viewed it from the security of the shore. The room was dark, save for these two twinkling lights and the broad spaces of window through which shone the last of the twilight, and the clearness of a windy sky, and the glimmer and weltering light of the sea. "Your Highness had, I fear, a bad passage," said the manager; he paused a moment for a reply, and then added, "But the luggage and your Highness's servant arrived all right."

At the same time another figure appeared in the doorway between the sitting-room and a bedroom opening from it. No doubt about this individual. A well-bred valet, gentleman's gentleman, grave, respectful, point-devise. He had a letter in his hand. "From Lord Hillesborough, sir," he said, at first with less awe than had been hitherto shown at the sight of the stranger; but on the second look at this majestic figure, half visible, with the light of the candles behind him, even Jerningham felt a thrill. "I was to wait your—your 'Ighness here," he said, faltering, as he drew back within the door.

"You will have the goodness to call me 'sir' only; I am not accustomed to titles," said the stranger. Sir! to be sure! That was what it was right to say to the Prince of Wales himself. Not accustomed to titles! Was he, perhaps, then, a king *incognito?* It appeared more like that than anything else to these two persons, accustomed to all the laws of service. Highness, though it means a great deal to other men, would not mean much to a king. To him it would mean a derogation, a sort of disrespect, though unintentional. Sir was the title for him—spelt with an "e" at the end, and not pronounced exactly as the English monosyllable is. Sire—it was pronounced seer, the manager was aware, who knew a little of all the languages of the Continent. He made a lower bow than ever, backing and bowing himself out of the room, murmuring: "Yes, sire," as he went. As for Jerningham, his soul owned a thrill of alarm to feel himself left alone with this wonderful person, king or potentate. "A gentleman of great distinction," he was told, had engaged him; a foreign gentleman, not accustomed to English ways. This is not a description which usually fills the English domestic with the graces of humility. It is difficult for him not to despise a personage, however exalted, who is ignorant of English ways. But, though there was an outlandish look about this one, for once Jerningham was really overawed. He retreated from the doorway, and began to occupy himself with unpacking his new master's luggage; but after a time his curiosity overcame him, and he peeped through the chink of the door to see what he was about. And, indeed, nothing could be more curious than what he was

about. He had taken the letter to read it, not to the light of the candles, which burned all by themselves, as though nobody wanted them, upon the table, but to the window, where he stood reading it in the dark. No, not exactly in the dark either; a soft light fell about him, showing the whiteness of the letter and the attitude of his head bent to read it—a light that seemed suffused over his figure and the very part of the carpet he stood upon, and to shine in the panes of the window, against the darkness that was in them from outside. What was it? Had he a taper, then, or some travelling-lamp, or—what? At this point in Jerningham's curious self-inquiries his new master turned his head half round, and the man felt as if he were being looked at with a sort of mild, observant smile, though it could only have been through the woodwork of the door, or the wall itself, which was impossible—for that barrier of physical obstruction was between the gazer in the one room and the sudden observation of the personage in the other. The effect, however, was so real that Jerningham retreated to the farther corner of the bedroom, and turned his face to the wall, and covered it with his hands, to escape the sudden sensation. Yet the look which he thought he felt (which was ridiculous, impossible!) was not a severe look, but a smiling one—a look full of indulgence, as if for the error of a child, though so penetrating. Jerningham persuaded himself afterwards that it was that dashed taper or lamp, or whatever it was, by which the prince was reading his letter, which caught a reflection in his own eye through the chink of the door. But, anyhow, he did not venture to pursue his own observations any farther.

The letter thus read was remarkable in tone, being, as it was, a letter from an old and distinguished English peer to a man much younger than himself, and, though so remarkable in appearance, coming so suddenly and with so little pretension upon the scene. It was in the most respectful terms, almost more than his own native prince would have called forth from so eminent a subject, though there were no titles of honor employed:

"I have endeavored to carry out your wishes in the most complete manner in my power, though our arrangements here are, necessarily, all so incomplete, so little perfect, that I fear you will scarcely be able to understand that I have really done everything I could, remembering your command that there was to be no shutting out of the common conditions of our life, and that your desire, which it is the highest pleasure and honor to me to obey, was to see these conditions in their most simple form. I wish I could hope that the sight would give you any satisfaction; but I await with the most eager anxiety your permission to arrange my poor house here for your reception, with a trembling hope that perhaps the rural life amid which we live, though still so unlike everything you have ever known, will not seem to you so terrible and repulsive as I feel with humiliation that which you have now come into must be. The man whom I have sent is, likewise according to your command, neither better nor worse than the ordinary. I could have selected a man of higher character so far as our imperfect knowledge goes, but it appeared to me that this would not be according to the sentiment you had expressed nor the object which you pursue. With what anxiety, what hopes, and what fears, I follow your course in my thoughts, I will not attempt to express; and I should add with what sympathy, were the words such as I could venture to use in the comparison between your elevated nature and that which is the inheritance of one who is always your devoted and most humble servant.

"HILLESBOROUGH."

Signed below this name was a cipher, in strange lettering, like a second name. The stranger put down the letter on the table, still with the same smile upon his lip which he had turned upon Jerningham—a look as of indulgence, understanding everything, not unaware of feebleness, of something mingled in the respect, perhaps of a tone of obsequiousness, perhaps of an overstrain of effort—but accepting all with a benignancy which had no criticism in it. Presently he took off the covering from his head, which had the most curious shadowy appearance in the half light, as if the filmy drapery round it were a pair of folded wings, and the soft light that fell round him came from between them like the shining of a star. The last hypothesis was not unjustified, as he took something from among the folds which caused an instant displacement of the lights and shadows

about him. What it looked like was a large diamond set in something dark and indefinite, with a white rim as of silver round this strange little lamp of light, separating it from the darkness below and around. He put it down upon the table, replacing upon his head the hat, or turban, upon which the downy dark wings seemed to close more distinctly than ever. It appeared to be habitual to him to have his head covered. He turned back, after he had done this, to the view from the window —the dark sea tossing its waves, the spray dashing upon the rocks and piers, the long weltering of the ridges of sea as they rose and fell, the lights in the harbor sinking and rising, the shadow of the cliff wrapping everything in deeper darkness. It seemed to have a great fascination for him. During the course of the evening he turned to it again and again, as if with a sensation of relief, perhaps feeling that nature and even storm were more congenial than the surroundings of man. But he was not disposed to separate himself so far as would appear from the life going on around him. He looked at the clothes which Jerningham had arranged for him, spreading them out on the bed, with again a smile. "This is the dress of England?" he said, with the little accent which not unpleasantly pointed him out as not an Englishman. Jerningham by this time had recovered his self-possession. "Not of England, sir," he said; "but for the evenin', as far as I've 'eard, the costoome of all the civilized world."

"Is it so?" said the prince, with an amused look. He added, "Is it much remarked when a stranger continues to wear the dress of his own country here?"

"Oh, not at all, sir!" cried Jerningham, with a sort of patronage and condescension to ignorance. "There was the Indian princes at the Jubilee in all colors, and blazing with jewels, as the papers said. It was pecooliar, but it was admired. The ladies, they liked it," he added, perceiving that his new master, now that he saw him more closely, was still a young man. "If I might make so bold as to ask," he said, after a moment's silence, "what was your 'Ighness's country, sir?"

"I do not think," said the stranger, "that I will change my dress to-night. Do you belong to this country? Have you relations with the people here? Do you think you could act as my guide?"

"My last place was 'ere, sir," said Jerningham, in a slightly alarmed tone. "I was in the commandant's service; and though I have no relations, yet I can find my way about. There ain't, however, as you might say, very much to see in a place like this—nothing except the castle, and—and the cliffs, and——" Jerningham ended abruptly, constrained by his new master's eye.

"Some thousands of people," said the prince. "I wish to see them. Can you guide me to the place where they live? Men—and women—are what I want to see."

Jerningham looked up with a sudden leer in his eye. "O—oh!" he said. His glance told that he divined in his master a hypocrite of the foulest tastes, hidden under this guise of gravity, and that his mind was somewhat relieved by the discovery. He put his hand over his mouth to conceal his suppressed laugh. "I can show your 'Ighness what we calls life, sir," he said.

His master looked at him with a mild severity which betrayed no anger, yet, if that were possible to a countenance so full of intelligence, something like a want of understanding. It was the look of an acute observer confronted with something which was a puzzle to him, and called all his faculties into exercise. The mean perplexes the noble as much as the noble disturbs the mean. He did not understand.

"We will go at once," he said.

"Lord!" said Jerningham to himself, "ain't he hot on it!" He was pleased to guide a prince to see life, but there were preliminaries which he felt ought not to be neglected. "If I might make so bold, sir," he said, "won't your 'Ighness dine first? After your 'Ighness's journey——"

"I will go at once," his master repeated, with the air of a man not accustomed to be contradicted; and, turning round, walked towards the door.

"Sir!" said Jerningham. "The weather is a bit cold. Your 'Ighness will put on a big coat, at least, over your costoome?"

"Put on a coat yourself, my good fellow," said the prince benignantly. "Thank you for thinking of my comfort. I shall not feel the cold."

He went out without another word, followed by Jerningham, struggling into a greatcoat behind him, with haste and difficulty, not daring to keep this wonderful person waiting. As they went down-stairs the same phenomena occurred as before. The people about the hall of the big hotel, though they were people in some cases thinking no little of themselves, drew back upon each other with the same impulse as moved the busy porters and waiters, and left a clear path for the stranger and his attendant. The manager bowed to the ground, rubbing his fat hands obsequiously, but caught at Jerningham as he passed, with an eager demand, half in pantomime, half in a whisper, "Won't the prince dine?" Jerningham answered in the same way, "He'll do as he likes, and there's no orders." He was a little put out, as well as the manager, about this unordered dinner; for if the prince was not hungry after his journey, Jerningham was, though he had made no journey, and the valet was fond of taking his ease in his inn.

He hurried, however, after the tall figure which went on in front of him, towards the lights of the town. Dover is not a well-lighted town. The twinkles of lamps made the darkness visible, and almost increased the danger of the path across the railway and all the intricacies of the streets; though, in the darker parts, Jerningham grew curiously aware of a light that seemed diffused around them, of which he could not tell where it came from, but which certainly was there. The darkest corners were somehow lighted by it, so that even Jerningham did not stumble and kick his shins, and the prince marched forward as if he had known the way all his life; but the man could not tell where it came from, and afterwards got into so dazed a condition from the various surprising incidents of the night, that he ceased to remember that strange preliminary, though at first he was constantly turning round, gazing about, and even looking overhead to discover where it came from. When they came into a street full of flares of gas, many of them unprotected and waving in the breeze, and where all the traffic of a Saturday night was going on—outside stalls and little booths with their set-out of provisions, red-and-white joints of beef, high colored in the flare, deep-green piles of vegetables—the prince walked up and down several times together, now on the lighted side, where all the people were hustling each other, now on the darker pavement opposite, where everything appeared as in a phantasmagoria, the waving flame of the coarse lights, the incessant movement of the shadows, the din of the cries filling the night air with uproar. This was not what Jerningham believed his master desired, and he would have led him by a cross street in another direction, but for the wave of his hand, which stopped all explanation. There was a man half lying in a wheelbarrow towards the middle of the road, in the way of the carts and carriages which passed infrequently. He had something to sell, half crushed under him where he lay, but he was past thinking of anything to sell. Whether he was ill or drunk was a difficult question. Jerningham unhesitatingly gave it, however, in favor of the latter, especially when his master stopped beside this partially perceptible figure, which suddenly yet softly became quite visible, showing a face stupefied and sodden, though whether with work or beer or the sleepiness of fatigue, it was impossible to say. The man was roused, but writhed and twisted himself uncomfortably, as unwilling to be so brought out of his half-unconsciousness; but it was he who spoke first, struggling up out of his prostrate condition, and crushing the shellfish over which he was lying, as he raised himself on his elbow.

"Who are you, and what do you want with me?" he said.

"Get up," said the stranger, "and take me to your home."

"My 'ome?" said the seller of shellfish; but he got clumsily to his feet.

"Don't you shine your lantern into my eyes," he said. "I've got no 'ome."

"Take me to the place where you live," the master said again.

"What do you want with the place where I lives? I lives nowhere to speak of—where I can, one time one place, one time another; and no good for me to go there at all, if I don't sell my winkles and get a somethin' to tide over Sunday. Hey! I say, don't turn on that blasted lantern. Come on, then. I'll go if I must, and you'll just hear what she says."

Jerningham found himself after this, with a humiliation not to be described, walking along the flaring street, a wretched barrow trundling in front of him, and a still more wretched man. He had dreamed of something very different—oyster-bars, and strange expensive drinks, and smiles—that could be purchased too. The man with the barrow might be what his master understood by life, but Jerningham's ideas were not of that kind. They went on to the veriest slums; not to the quarters lit with fitful luxury, to which Jerningham had intended to introduce his master. And as they went, there ran on a sort of monologue of grumbling talk from the costermonger who was their guide.

"Nice streets these are for a man to be trundling about at this hour o' the night, where there's not a soul to buy a penn'orth, and not a copper in my pocket, s'help me—— Oh, I knows better! Ye needn't ask me! I knows country roads that are deeper in the mud, and more quiet still; and I knows London. London's what I like. Ye can lose yourself there, and none knows if ye're a man or just a bit of the whole blasted thing as is a-going round and round. If ye drops it don't matter, and if ye goes on it's all the same."

"And what has brought you to this?" said the clear voice which sounded over the head of the crouched-up, shambling creature. He gave a side-look up towards his questioner's face, then blinked and shrank again.

"Where have you got your bull's-eye thing as blinds a man a-flashing in his eyes? What's brought me to this? How d'ye know as I wasn't always like this, crying winkles about the streets? Well, I wasn't, and that's the fact, however ye've found it out. It's a many things, if ye will know. My folks was very respectable once. I was put to school and went to church and all that, and wore as good clothes as—you do. Lord! but you've got queer clothes on! I never had no outlandish rig like that. You're a furreeneering chap, I suppose? And what do ye want putting questions to me?"

"I want to know what has brought you to this." The stranger had the calm of power in his voice. He made no explanations, and there was no capability of resistance in the individual whom he questioned—at least in the present case.

"Well," said the man defiantly, "chief thing, I suppose, is drink. I was a silly when I was young—thought a poor chap could be like a gentleman, and take his pleasure 'stead o' working, working like a mole. And then came bad company, and then—Lord! When anything's happened to you as makes you miserable, there's nothing like a drop o' drink. Good folks they think it's your bad 'eart, as if a man wisht to get dead drunk and tumble about the streets. What a man wants is to forget hisself and all his trouble; to get lifted up as if he could fly; to have a dazzle in his eyes that makes everything grand. If it makes ye miserable in the end, I'm not denyin' of it; but at fust beginning it's a prince it makes ye, as if ye could fly over all the world.

"And then there's other things," said the man, pausing upon his barrow, standing still as in a reflective mood. The stranger stood like a tower, immovable, by his side, pausing when he paused; while poor Jerningham, indignant beyond words, not only to be in such company, but to be forced to stand and listen, drew back as far as he could from this ridiculous group. The light, whatever it was—concealed lantern or bull's-eye—shone upon the costermonger's face, lighting it up with a soft ray. "Lord! When I think what a fool I was! I thought as I'd always be a young chap able to take my fling; and I thought as being a silly one day was nothing again' going straight the next.

Nor it ain't, neither; that's a fact still," he added vehemently, "so long as a man can keep his 'ead."

"Then some men, you think," said the stranger, "do keep their heads?"

The man paused a moment reflectively, and then he burst into a harsh laugh. "Fact," he said, shaking his head, "I don't know as many does. There's a fellow I know as makes believe, and lies low, and gets the tin out of poor chaps like me when they has a shilling to spend. That's one thing as brought me to this pass, as you're so curious wanting to know. And then there's the missus, as aggravates a man with her tongue and her sharpness and naggin', till ye don't mind a bit what ye do."

"The missus—that means that you have a wife? How in this state of wretchedness could you bind another being to yours?"

"Wretchedness!" said the man, so stimulated by this reproach that he sprang to his barrow, and pushed on so quickly that Jerningham, proudly paying no attention, was left behind, and had almost to run to keep up with his master's accompanying stride. "I wish you'd talk of what you know, master! She ain't no more wretched, I can tell you, for being along o' me. Wretched yourself! And ye ain't no 'appier than the rest of us, I'll go any money, if the truth was known! Bless you," he said, dropping out of his momentary indignation into more ordinary tones, "we weren't like this, neither her nor me, when we come together. I was a young chap, earning a good wage when I was steady, and she was a young lass as—as wasn't for any man to turn up his nose at. Lord! She was a tidy one when we come together first, and nice-spoken when her back wasn't up; but always a bit hasty in the temper, ready to give ye a kiss or a blow. As for wretched, you keep them big words to yourself, master! Jyane, I believe, if you ast her, she'd rather have me and my barrow than many a man as drives his own cart; for I'm a good-tempered one, I am, and takes a deal of worritin' afore I answers back; and as for liftin' my hand upon her, much less my boot, as some chaps do, that's a thing as never happens—'cept now and again, when I'm devilled with the drink."

"But how was it," said the stranger, "when you were once young and earning a good wage, and she once so tidy and pleasant—how was it that you did not continue so? You knew that the drink would harm you, did you not? And you knew that your bad company would make you bad too? And you knew that quarrels would spoil your comfort, and idleness would stop your wages? How was it, then? How was it?"

The costermonger stopped again; he sat down upon the shafts of his barrow to reflect. "Blessed if I know," he said. "Lord! I've said all that to myself many a day, but it ain't done no sort of good. Always seems, somehow, as if the wrong thing was the most fun. Governor, don't you say you don't know that, for I knows human nature, and I wouldn't believe you; not I."

"You thought it over, then?" said the questioner. There was no blame in his voice; it was the voice of an inquirer anxious to know. "There were times when you stopped and regretted, and wished to turn back to the other way?"

"You don't speak like a parson," said the man. "I donow what kind of a bloke you are. You don't seem somehow as if you was a-tryin' to ketch a chap up. Sartain sure as I thought it over many a day. And we've kissed and made friends, Jyane and me, and we've said we'd never do it no more; but, Lord! afore you're six steps from your own door there's a chap coming along as says, 'Hallo, Joe! goin' to work o' Monday morning like you was the boss hisself? Man! I'll not believe it of you. There's some fun agoin' on down the street. Come you along o' me.' And p'raps you stops a moment and jaws, and says he'd best go to work himself, 'stead of stoppin' them that means better; but, Lord! it always ends the same way," he added, starting off with his barrow again. "You thinks it's just for once, and you goes. And then you wishes you had cut your throat sooner. And then you feels as if you'd choke the missus afore she

gets out one of her burnin', blazin' words. Well! one thing as I can say is this—that it ain't them as preaches as suffers for it, but you yourself. And that it ain't never done o' purpose as they thinks, but just as you says to yourself for once and accidental-like. Lord! Don't you think I'd rather have a good coat to my back, and a good supper to go 'ome to, 'stead of wheelin' a barrow full o' dashed winkles as I hain't sold and ain't likely to, and not a copper in my pockets to give the missus for to-morrow as is Sunday?—which is your fault, master, now I comes to think of it, draggin' me out of the market where I could have got rid of every shell o' them, sure as I'm alive."

"'Old your tongue," said Jerningham, glad of an opportunity to display his disgust. "You were lying there drunk, and smashing the winkles when you were spoke to by—a gentleman as—didn't ought to touch with the tongs a drunken beast like you!"

"Ho!" cried the costermonger, quick as fire, letting down the shafts of the barrow, and turning upon his new assailant. "You're agoin' it, too? But I ain't that low down as I'll take abuse from the likes of you."

Jerningham, who really was the person to be pitied, having his personal dignity so sadly disturbed by such associations, only saved himself by jumping back from the sudden blow levelled at him. But the costermonger's wrath lasted only for a moment. The prince laid his hand on the man's arm, and he calmed at once by an influence which he understood as little as it was contrary to the circumstances altogether. He took up the shafts of his barrow again in haste and silence. And the strange party proceeded without a word through one dark street after another. Yet it was not dark around them. The dark atmosphere of the night, and the thick air contaminated by all the emanations of the crowding, miserable houses, seemed just then to be softly cleared, illuminated by a vague radiance scarcely enough to be called light—something softly diffused, coming from no point like a lamp or lantern, but moving with them, wrapping them in a tempered warmth and softness. The tall figure of the stranger was the least revealed of the three. He moved like a shadow, towering over them, a presence always felt, yet vaguely seen. Thus they came at last to the court, opening off a little dingy street, where the seller of shellfish lived. It was a sort of square of dingy houses, each with light in its windows, which filled the ill-smelling enclosure with a sort of squalid cheerfulness, in which, late as it was, children were still playing, and women keeping up a noisy conversation from the doors. The din, the closeness, and the smells quite overcame Jerningham, who was not accustomed, as he said afterwards, to no such slums. He fell back, his devotion to his new master being insufficient to make up for the injury to his feelings. "I'll be handier here, sir, to call the police, in case you should meet with anything as is disagreeable," he said. "Quite right. I approve your prudence—and thought for me," said the prince, looking upon him with that smile which made Jerningham so uncomfortable. "I wish, sir,—I do wish as your 'Ighness would be guided by me, and not risk yourself in no such places," cried the valet in his irritation. His master only laughed; this was all the answer Jerningham received.

And then there rose a tumult in the court. One of the women darted out from her door, a fury with wild hair flying, with a wild flutter of ragged clothes, and a shawl on her shoulders, from which she flung forth her arms, the heavy drapery lending force to her fierce gesticulations. "You've been at it again, you drunken beast! you blasted fool! you darned ass!—you! you! you!" with each an epithet, she cried. "He's got them all still in the barrow, as I gave him the money to buy for a last chance. And here he's back without a penny, and my last shillin' gone to the dogs like all the rest, and nothin' left to buy a bite for the children—and it Satterday night! Oh! oh! oh!" she burst out in a wild, mingled outburst of rage and tears, flying at the throat of the man. The stranger stopped her in full career with his hand upon her shoulder, but she did not yield to his influence so quickly as

the man. She struggled under his touch, tore herself away, and once more flung herself upon her husband, who had seated himself on his barrow, with screams of rage and misery. A mingled din of approval and disapproval came from the lookers-on. "I don't wonder at her, poor lass, after all as she's had to bear," said one woman, who seemed to be on the outlook also for an errant husband; but, "Lord! she's got to put up with it, and why can't she take it easy?" said a matron, amiably tipsy, on another doorstep. "Jyane, Jyane, you'll be sorry after," said a third, interfering; "and 'im never lifting a hand!" The stranger drew near the group again. He put his hand once more on her shoulder, and drew her away. "Is this the woman," he said, "that was so tidy when they came together, and so nice-spoken, and that a man loved? And what has brought her to this pass?"

The woman turned upon him, struggling still. "And who told you that?" she shrieked; "for you don't know me, nor I you. Tidy, and that a man loved! Look at him now! Is that a man?"

"What has brought you," he said, "to this pass—you that were once sweet and young?"

The woman stared in his face, but could not see it, while hers was clear, the seat of many passions, convulsed and struggling. "Let me go!" she cried. "I'll tear his eyes out, and no person shall stop me. Young! I'm not old yet, to be treated like that. Oh! if I was once tidy and nice-spoken, who's done it? I'm better than he is. I thinks of my children. I'm not—so bad as he."

"What has brought you to this pass?" the prince repeated, with his voice of perfect calm.

The woman flung herself down upon the dirty pavement, and covered her face with her hands.

CHAPTER II.

JERNINGHAM had much of the same sort of annoyance to bear during the first month or two of his service with the mysterious prince. He was made the purse-bearer, which was some slight compensation. (Indeed, on that first never-forgotten Saturday night he was called to pay for the barrow of winkles, and thus smooth down the tumult of the moment between the costermonger and his wife.) His master showed a singular indifference to money, which he never touched or had any dealings in, bidding Jerningham do what was necessary whenever there was any question of payment, with a confidence which seemed to proceed rather from a certain contempt for that medium than from any well-founded trust in the man who had been recommended to him as an ordinary man and nothing more. In this situation of dignity, however, the servant accompanied his master through many strange scenes. He went with him to London, and to many places there where Jerningham would willingly have followed, or even led his lord, with very different aims from those which the prince seemed to pursue. And, indeed, the prince's aims were not very easy to fathom. He was not a charity organizer, nor an almoner, nor a missionary. He gave, or rather ordered Jerningham to give, money freely on occasion; but this was certainly not his object. He went everywhere with the same inquiry on his lips: "What has brought you to this pass?" And he put it to everybody, sometimes in the most astonishing circumstances, addressing people who, it might have been thought, would have knocked him down for his impertinence, or at least resented it in some unequivocal way. But though they might be angry at first, they always ended by telling some story of strange things unlike those appearances which met the eye. One of the persons, for instance, thus interrogated was the clergyman of a large parish, a man full of good deeds, who was very indignant with the words, "this pass?" What pass was the excellent rector in, whose hands were only too full of everybody else's business, who was the Providence of so many? He had looked contemptuously, indignantly, at his questioner, with a scorn of him as an unauthorized busybody, which was most natural. But

then a spell had fallen over that good clergyman. "How did I come to this pass—full of tickets and cases to examine, and subscriptions to be got? How can a man help it? You go out full of faith, and the first person you meet with cheats you, and turns your very heart. Then you rush to the other side, and trust nobody; and the first thing you hear is that you have helped to starve some real sufferer. Then one gets wild for a time; and at the last you come to feel there's no confidence to be put in anything but figures and cases, and cut-and-dry machinery. There was a time when I was a young fool; thinking everything was to be done by reasoning with them, and persuading them, and showing your affection. Ah, that's the grand principle still—the love of God, and the sympathy of our Lord! But then one drifts into the organization tickets, and elections to hospitals, and so forth. Regret it? Ah, that I do, with all my heart! If I were a young man again I'd stick to the higher principle; but what can a poor parson do, that has to make the best he can of his parish, and keep all his charities going?"

There was never any reproof in the prince's eyes. He heard this, and a hundred other strange avowals, with a calm which was never broken; and he was unwearied in hearing them, going about the world everywhere, inquiring from every man the secret of his divergence. He took no notes of these many and varied cases—of the women who began with protestations of having been deceived, then, in the light of his steadfast eyes, burst forth into wailing plaints of folly, of the heedless rush into temptation, the fall, half invited, half defied; or the merchant who had meant no harm, who had staked his friend's credit for something which only an accident prevented from becoming his friend's advantage instead of hurt; or the servant who borrowed from his master, meaning nothing but to repay. Over all these persons and hundreds more, the light which it was so difficult to define suffused itself, never failing, although the sun might. Jerningham made out, at last, by much study, that it proceeded from somewhere just over his master's head; for it lighted up the faces of those who were before him, and kept himself in a curious depth of shadow, so that the most earnest gaze fixed upon him could scarcely penetrate that dimness. There were many things in Jerningham's mind as he thus attended upon his master. A strong curiosity in the first place. He could not in any way fathom this man. It was not for charity he went about the world, though sometimes he would be very charitable—so charitable that Jerningham thought that it was nothing but proper, in the circumstances, to take toll; nor was it for any pleasure to himself that the valet could understand. For what was the good of collecting all these stories? The prince never talked of them, so far as Jerningham knew; it was not for the sake of gossip. Nor did he seem to intend to write a book, for he never put pen to paper, never wrote a letter. The problem was one which could not be explained in any way. And there were a great many mysterious things about the master to whose service he had been sent by so unexceptionable a nobleman as the Earl of Hillesborough. He had evidently plenty of money, which was left in Jerningham's hands, and which he himself never looked at. The prince lived as if there were no such thing as money in the world. When there was anything to pay he looked at Jerningham, and that was all that was necessary. Jerningham had pretty pickings, it must be allowed. He did not rob his master, nor permit any one else to do it, but he took a percentage for his trouble; this appeared to him perfectly right and justifiable. He did not, indeed, intend to do anything of the kind when he began. He had always been honest, he said to himself, and he never meant to be otherwise. But a percentage, that was allowed everywhere when a man had so much trouble as he had—a trouble which had never been mentioned or thought of when he was engaged.

Another thing was, that, as the prince did not wear the beautiful clothes that had been provided for him, preferring his own "costoome," as Jerningham

said, it seemed wiser that the valet should wear some of them than that they should be thrown away. Jerningham wore the coats to keep the moth out of them. He put on one on a certain day with this excellent object, and another day he put on another. The prince was larger than he, and much taller, yet somehow they all fitted Jerningham. It could do them nothing but good should the master finally make up his mind to put them on, that they should be worn to air them now and then. With all these things Jerningham did very well for himself, and harmed nobody, as he himself believed. It did not occur to him that his master might one day turn upon him with his usual inquiry, "What has brought you to this pass?" and that he might be compelled to reveal everything. This pass! He was in no pass! He was doing nothing wrong. And as for any interrogation from his master, he made very light of that. The prince did not observe any of these things. In short, Jerningham came by degrees, notwithstanding the mystery that surrounded him, to have, on the whole, a considerable deal of good-humored contempt for his prince.

There was one thing, however, about which he continued to be so very curious that he felt no effort to be too great to find it out. And that was, as has been said before, the mysterious light which accompanied his master everywhere. It flashed upon him suddenly, at last, what it was. Going into the prince's room one evening in the twilight, he was astonished and blinded by the light which shone from a table at which his master had been sitting—a light almost level with the table, proceeding from one central point. Jerningham drew near, upon the tips of his toes, though the prince was not there. He saw then, to his amazement, that it was a jewel in a curious dark setting covered with strange signs; but it was not the setting or the signs that moved him. It was the diamond—such a diamond as he had never in his life beheld before! You may think he was not likely to have had much experience in diamonds; but Jerningham had been in good places all his life, and had seen a great deal of jewelry in his day, though never, never anything like this! It was of the size of a small watch, and, as it lay there on the table, seemed to represent wealth itself incarnate, fortune and all it brings—quite unprotected, within the reach of any chance person that might come into the room. A flood of indignation rushed through Jerningham's mind at the rashness of his master, who could go and leave such a prize as that open upon the table. He bent over it to look at it, but it so blazed into his eyes that they were dazzled and could see nothing. Lord! What a thing to see lying on a table within reach of your hand! Worth thousands and thousands, enough to make a man comfortable for life. Comfortable! More than that—rich, like a prince. Jerningham made a rapid calculation in his mind how a man—not himself! oh, not himself! but any man—might dispose of such a thing. It would be difficult to do, for diamonds of that size are not common anywhere; but no doubt, at least in foreign parts, it could be done. And a man could get away to Holland or some such place before ever anybody knew anything about it. From London a man can get off anywhere. These thoughts flew through Jerningham's mind with a sort of rush of moral indignation to think how easily it might be done, and how any man could do it. He put out his hand, not without alarm, to touch the wonderful thing, which was worth, he said to himself almost bitterly, far more than all a man, even in a good service, could lay up in his life; but as he was about cautiously to lift it, he heard the prince's step returning to the room, and fled precipitately, fearing to be asked what he was doing there. This was all that happened the first time.

But it appeared that the prince, always a strange person in all his habits, had a fancy for reading by the light of his great diamond, and Jerningham saw it many times after this. He began vaguely to define also, after many questions with himself, where his master had hitherto hidden it; to make out, putting one thing to another, that this blazing orb of light was in reality no other than the shining jewel which

he had hitherto thought no bigger than a glow-worm, which shone among the filmy folds of the prince's headgear when he was out of doors. This made it more wonderful still to think that it could contract and then magnify itself in this way ; but Jerningham soon came to the conclusion that its contraction must be caused by some peculiarity in its setting, which partially covered it when worn, and subdued its size and splendor. His mind grew more and more full of this diamond as time went on. He had been so angry at the thought that some one might steal it and escape to Holland with it, that it would be wrong to imagine he had any intention of committing such a crime ; and yet his mind was full of the diamond by night and by day.

One night, he could scarcely tell how, he found himself at a late hour in the prince's room. Among his other habits was one of walking late, and so far as Jerningham was aware, his master was out, though he had represented to himself that he had heard the bell, and that this was the reason why he made his way thither at so late an hour. He was curious to know also (he said to himself) whether the prince went out with so valuable an ornament in his hat, alone and at night, which would have been so foolish a thing to do. Jerningham's heart gave a jump when he saw the blaze of the jewel on the table. The rest of the room, the bed and the large space behind, lay in total darkness, but a luminous circle was drawn round the table upon which the diamond lay. He paused a moment, his heart beating loud, and then he drifted silently, moving, as he afterwards said, by some sort of compulsion, not by his own will at all, into this circle of light. His face was a sight to see as he came within the range of the illumination out of the shadowy gloom in which all things are softened. It was blazing with excitement, with eager cupidity, with that vehemence of desire which is so strong a passion—to have it, to possess it, even to take it into his hands, but he was also afraid. His master might come in upon him before he could escape. There might be some trap about the dreadful glorious thing itself. It almost blinded him as he looked down into its white flames. At last, in mingled greed and terror, he put out his hand——

Ah ! Jerningham's shriek would have wakened the Seven Sleepers ; and there was no one to be awakened here, but only a perfectly collected, self-possessed looker-on, who had seen everything with a pair of serene open eyes from the bed. What the prince saw was a man fixed and immovable, his countenance contorted with alarm and horror, standing not as if he held the diamond, but as if it held him, in the centre of the floor, the rays of the gem shining round him, his features convulsed, his whole soul gone forth in that wild shriek. He stood trying vainly to disengage his fingers from the paralyzing grasp that seemed to him to have seized him, an image of fright and helplessness. "Jerningham," said his master, "is it you? And what has brought you to this pass?"

"Oh, let me go, sir!" he cried. "I'm a fool ; I'm a thief. I don't mind what you call me. Let me go ; let me go ! Your 'Ighness, I'd ask you on my bended knees, if I could bend a knee or move a finger ! Oh, let me go !"

"What did you want with my diamond?" the prince said.

"Want with it? It was your 'Ighness's fault leaving of it there, where a man couldn't help seeing it. Want with it—O Lord ! But I don't want nothing now but to be let free and never trouble nobody any more."

"What would you have done with it?" said the prince, in his calm tones, "had you got it safely away?"

"O Lord ! O Lord ! Only let me free of it for one moment ! I'd have sold it," cried Jerningham, feeling the words forced from him, and understanding now, in his trouble, how it was that every one had answered these questions, a thing he had never understood before.

"To whom? Not to any honest dealer, who would know its value."

"I'd have gone to—Holland. I'd have found some o' those fellows out. It mightn't have been its value," cried Jerningham, "but it would have been a fortune to me. Oh, your 'Ighness !

don't pull the brains and the eyes out of a poor man's head, but let me go!"

"And what would your life have been afterwards? You would have trembled to see me come in, wherever you were, and ask for my diamond. You would have been afraid to be seen by any one who knew you. You would have wandered from place to place, and tried every coarse pleasure which you cannot indulge in because you have your character to think of now, and you would have found them all bitter in your mouth."

"Very likely, sir; very likely, sir," cried Jerningham in his distress. "It's true; it's true. I've thought of all that. I knows it as well as any man. Sir, I'll never ask you for a character nor nothing if your 'Ighness will let me free."

"You thought of all that?" said the master, in his absolute calm.

"I did; I did! I knows it all. But what's the good of knowing, when a thing drags you as if your soul was coming out of your body? It's your 'Ighness' fault for leaving it there."

"Then you will do it again to-morrow if I let you free."

"Oh, never, s'help me! Oh, never! Yes, perhaps I will. A man never can tell what he'll do. I can't tell you a lie, though I want to. Perhaps I will. It's stronger nor me. Oh, your 'Ighness! Oh, for the love of God, let me free!"

Jerningham was in torture. The blood in his veins seemed to be turned into fire; sparks came from his broadcloth; his temples throbbed as if some dreadful machinery had been set going within; and the blaze of the diamond in his eyes was like those flames which he had heard of all his life as the reward of those who steal and lie. But suddenly, in a moment, he felt a dark, still shadow over him. The machinery in his head stopped; the flare in his face was subdued; a cool hand touched his, and the cruel thing that held him loosed its clutches. This was what the sensation was; not that the diamond was taken from him by his master's hand, which was the fact, but as if it had been constrained to let him go. A sudden sense of relief ran through Jerningham's frame, but along with that—was it possible?—a regret, a pang, as of something which had all but been his, yet never would be his again.

The prince put it down on the table, on the same spot as before. "You are sorry," he said, "that you have not succeeded. You forget already how it punished you. You would try again."

"No, your 'Ighness; no, your 'Ighness," said Jerningham. The sense of relief was in all his veins, and yet it was dreadful to him to give it up, and have no further hope of it. There ran through his mind, like an arrow, the thought, that after he was dismissed there might be a very good chance of coming back privately, and, with gloves or handkerchiefs wrapped around his hands, or something, managing better another time. He did not entertain the thought, but it flashed through him all the same. He stood back in the shade, an abashed and penitent sinner, notwithstanding this flash of thought.

"I asks no warning, sir, after what have 'appened; no board-wages nor nothing. I'm thankful to your 'Ighness for a-letting of me off. I asks no character. Mr. Jones of the hotel will see, sir, as I leaves everything right, and not a pin out of its place. I'm—I'm a good servant, sir," said Jerningham. He paused for a moment, his intromissions with his master's garments and his percentages jumping up suddenly into his face. Then he added, "I mayn't be strong to resist a great temptation as has been left before my eyes, but I'm a good servant, sir, and nobody can speak different."

"You intended, then, to go away?" said the prince, with a smile. "No; you need not go away. I shall not dismiss you. You will, perhaps, attempt to do this again? Well, you know beforehand what the issue will be, and I need not say any more. We understand each other, I think, in this and also in the other little ways——"

"What other little ways, sir?" said Jerningham, holding his head high; but it was very difficult to keep any pretence up in the presence of his master. "If your 'Ighness is satisfied, sir, so am I," he added, lowering his eyes and his tone.

The prince's laugh was not unkindly,

yet it rung into Jerningham's very heart, and stung him much more than a lecture. "I am satisfied—that we understand each other," he said, and dismissed the culprit with a wave of his hand.

And this was how the strange incident ended. A master that had no respect for himself as a master; that could find out an attempt at robbery and never dismiss the man; that left the most valuable property about, and all his money in Jerningham's hands, notwithstanding that he knew Jerningham to be a rogue, as if it didn't matter— as if nothing mattered. "Lord! I'd have turned him neck and crop out o' the 'ouse. I'd have in with him into the hands of the police sooner than look at him. He shouldn't never 'ave 'ad a day's grace from me!" Jerningham said to himself, putting himself in his master's place; but he was, on the whole, relieved to be going to bed as if nothing had happened, with his character safe, and no longer any necessity for flying to Holland or elsewhere in order to realize his ill-gotten gains.

It was shortly after this that the prince went for the first time to Hillesborough, though, as the reader may recollect, it was Lord Hillesborough who had arranged everything for him on his arrival in England. He was received with great state as became the highest rank; indeed, though he never stood upon his greatness, and his title was never fully announced, he had at the same time never hesitated to accept the name of prince as natural and befitting his condition. When the old earl came out to the door to meet him, their rencounter was considered by many persons to be both curious and touching. Lord Hillesborough had travelled much in his life; he had been all over the world—everywhere, people said, without knowing very well what that word meant. He had penetrated far into the East, he had gone through Africa (as was said; for much less was known of Africa in those days than now). As for Europe, and such little holiday journeyings as are to be accomplished there, he thought nothing of them; and that he should have met in his wanderings a mysterious prince whom nobody knew, yet who was every inch a prince, bearing his superiority in every feature and action, was a very natural thing. But it was strange and pathetic, as people said, to see that very old man, full of dignities and honors, bowing low before the stranger, who greeted him with the warmest cordiality, but no such demonstrations of respect. Lord Hillesborough hurried down the steps to open the carriage door with his own aged, ivory hands. He murmured something about so poor a means of conveyance, though his carriage was good enough for the queen herself. The prince smiled in the most gracious and affectionate manner; he put his hand to his heart, his lips, and his forehead by way of greeting; finally, when he got out, he put an arm round the old gentleman like a son, and seemed to raise him thus, like a feather, up the flight of majestic steps, which were usually a great strain upon Lord Hillesborough's limbs and breath. "I am glad to arrive at your house, my old friend," he said. "And I am honored above all honors to see you here," said the old man. The prince drew the old earl's arm within his own, and those who were watching saw, as if some air of youth and strength had blown that way, his countenance clear like the sun, and light come into his eyes. "See what friendship does," they said, "even to so old a man!" For he no longer looked old when this glorious young prince—so more than common tall, so splendid in his bearing, in his strange yet noble dress, and with (now clearly shining and displayed) a diamond bigger than the Koh-i-noor shining through the filmy folds of his headdress—had him by the hand.

There was a party of some eminence assembled at Hillesborough, presumably to meet the prince, though, so far as I am aware, the name of this illustrious *convive* had not been mentioned directly to any of them. The old earl had spoken, however, to some, of a friend whom he expected, who was making a sort of voyage of discovery in England, a member of a very old princely race, "of a civilization much anterior to ours," he said. What did he mean? A Brahmin prince from India? Perhaps

a sacred llama from Thibet? "One of old Hillesborough's swans, who are mere geese," a witty member of the party said. But they did not laugh when they were presented to the mysterious and noble personage who appeared among them—though there was scarcely one who was not distinguished in one way or another—like an eagle among the lesser birds, rather than a swan. He talked with them freely and upon all subjects, with an easy grace of utterance which was very surprising in a foreigner. And he was not a Hindoo; no dark nor even dusky blood ran in the veins which traversed visibly on his temples, in lines of blue, the milk-white of his complexion. He might have been an Anglo-Saxon for his fairness; but he was not an Anglo-Saxon. The type was much higher, more intellectual, and finer than anything produced among our races. There was a keen ethnographer among the party who was eager to identify him, yet entirely baffled by the prince's imperturbable and smiling incapacity for being questioned. He questioned a great deal himself, on his own part, and knew almost everything about the private history of most of the people there, and this almost exclusively from themselves, for he encouraged no gossip. Day by day his fellow-guests wondered more and more at him—at his points of view, the opinions he expressed, and his curious spectator attitude in respect to everything that went on. He blamed nothing, they observed, attacked nothing; had not a word to say about the foreign policy of England, nor her treatment of the distant states in which her sons had made their settlements. This was a thing that was eagerly expected from him at first. A foreigner himself, and evidently one from the far East or South, there was nothing so likely as that he should criticise the methods of Great Britain with those conquered or allied provinces, and the vast world of heathenism which she had more or less subdued. But, to the surprise especially of a Cabinet minister who was one of the party, he said nothing at all on this point. He did not even attempt to make out that his own race was more truly civilized than the British, and might with truth call them barbarians. He never spoke, indeed, of his own race at all. Sometimes he would exchange a recollection with Lord Hillesborough of some particular moment or occurrence through which they had passed together, and on these occasions named him apparently by a name which was quite unknown, and, indeed, never was caught by any one, each hearer making of it a different sound—a word of a language which nobody had ever heard before.

The mysterious visitor caused great interest and excitement among the guests at Hillesborough. He was heard of through all the country; and people to whom it was half a day's journey came to call, with a sense that the very crown and climax of all old Lord Hillesborough's eccentricities was thus to be seen and taken account of. But the prince's visit was of still more importance to some of those who were most closely at hand.

CHAPTER III.

LORD HILLESBOROUGH had never married; but he was not without ties of family on that account. He had led a wild and wandering youth, and for the greater part of his middle age had been pursuing researches, which nobody could quite trace out, in distant parts of the universe, sometimes for years together dropping out of the knowledge of men. He had got beyond the climax of life when he returned and took for the first time possession of his ancestral place and honors. There he had neither been unaware of, nor indifferent to, the responsibilities of such a position. He had done all that a member of the House of Lords can to stimulate good legislation and control bad—which is the highly important and useful office of that body—taking care that the nation should have full time to think, and do nothing rashly or unadvisedly. He had taken up many schemes which seemed visionary to his colleagues and fellows, and some which were very practical and excellent. His estates were governed with great care, under his own special supervision, no

wrong being left without a remedy, and no poverty which could be helped being permitted to exist. Whatever was best in the way of leases and improvements to the farmers, and of good cottages, allotments, and indulgences to the laborers, existed on his land before the younger theorists had begun to speak of such schemes. He was not altogether successful. What man is or can be? And yet life was as tolerable at and about Hillesborough as it could well be made. He could not change the nature or the character of his surroundings. He that was unclean was unclean still, except now and then when a miracle would happen with which Lord Hillesborough had nothing to do. He did not believe that allotments, or anything else that he could do, would save either men's souls or bodies; but when that divine something did come into an erring man's breast which makes him a good man—a miracle still daily accomplished among us, heaven be praised! which is greater than healing—the old lord acknowledged it with reverence, however it came, whether by means of the Methodist preacher in the village, or by the ministrations of an anachronism under the form of a modern brother of St. Benedict, or by more intimate and secret help from heaven, always allowing that this gift from God was beyond all allotments, and that to be made good was the one primary necessity of life. This was a point in which he differed from most law-makers of to-day; and yet he was very modern in his way, and scorned no suggestion, even when coming from the least venerable quarter, which seemed to have any good in it. He was surrounded, in consequence, with what might be called a very high average of general well-being. More, perhaps, is scarcely to be looked for, whatever men may do or say.

I have said, however, that he did not want for the ties of a family, notwithstanding that he had never married, and had consequently no children of his own. His house was superintended and reigned over by his sister, Lady Elizabeth Camden, who had an only daughter, to whom the old gentleman was much attached; and it was the home of his nephew and heir, the son of a younger brother, who had been Lord Hillesborough's favorite in life. It was the evident and most commonplace conclusion that these two young persons, both so dear to the master of the house, and both so deeply indebted to his bounty, should marry and carry on the lineage after him; but this most desirable and natural issue had been put aside some time before, when it became evident that Arthur was not likely to turn out so well as had been hoped. There were many excuses for him, people said. Why should he work either at school or college, when he knew there was no need whatever that he should do so, and when, without any exertion, he could have everything that is desirable in life? No doubt he would sow his wild oats, and settle down and marry some nice girl, and be as irreproachable as most of his fathers had been before him. Anyhow, he should not marry Lucy, Lady Elizabeth said, and she was a woman not given to changing her mind. At the same time she had indicated, which, perhaps, was not so wise, the man who was to marry Lucy, who was already an epitome of all the virtues, a man with very fine estates and a good deal of money, and universally approved of wherever he went. But, unfortunately, Lucy was not of her mother's opinion in this latter respect. Therefore, even in this admirably regulated house, with such a man as Lord Hillesborough at its head, all was not peace, as it ought to have been. He was an example to the whole county, but it was not an example which was efficacious in his own house. And yet these two erring young people were both very fond of him, and considered him the best of men. They would have liked to please him; there was no opposition to him in either of their minds. Sometimes they were both in rebellion, in different ways, against Lady Elizabeth; but Uncle Hillesborough was to both the most loved and trusted of friends.

It was not long before this state of things was made very apparent to the prince. He fathomed it the first evening, when he saw the young people doing their utmost to entertain their

guests, though nothing could have been more natural or delightful than the family affection between them. What might have been the confidences between him and Lord Hillesborough I cannot say, nor if there were any confidences; but it was not very long before this important and evidently most influential visitor, whose manners were such as gained everybody's trust, was sought by young Arthur with his tale, and a prayer for his intervention. "For one can see that Uncle Hillesborough thinks nothing too much to do for you," he said. "If Lord Hillesborough is so good, is not that a reason why I should be very cautious what I ask him?" said the prince, with a smile. But he soon was made aware very plainly what it was the young man had to ask. He listened patiently, and then he proceeded in his usual way to trace the trouble to its cause.

"What," he said, in the words he had already used so often, "has brought you to this pass? For one like you, so young, so full of happiness, so well off, cannot have come to despair in a day. What has brought you to this pass?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man, with his hands in his pockets, swaying backward and forward against the light of the broad window; "nothing that was very bad. I got drawn in a bit with fellows I had known at school, not for any harm, only for fun, don't you know. Every one bets a little; and you never think, when you begin, that you can't stop just when you please. Then that leads to other things. When you get into your first hole, and see what an ass you've been, the thing you want most is not to think about it. It seems no use thinking about it when you can't mend it. Then fellows tell you how, by risking a little more, you have such a good chance of recovering yourself; and then you get awfully excited, and you heap on everything, and you feel sure you must win this time. Some fellows do, and set themselves straight, and then pull up, and are not a bit the worse for it. That's what I meant. They are actually the better for it, don't you know, getting such loads of experience; and, after all, nothing but experience ever teaches a man. Well, then when you have everything in the world hanging upon the chance of what is going to happen at a race meeting, or something else of that sort, don't you see your head's not any good for work or reading, and you can't bear home or being quiet? You have got *not* to think; and the only way not to think is to keep yourself in a whirl with—well, with other things; and so you get into what people call dissipation, without wanting to, without meaning to, just to keep yourself from thinking——"

The prince said nothing, but shook his head; there was perhaps a half smile on his face—or so, at least, the young man thought.

"What's the good of talking?" he said. "I can see you know it all quite well; and, of course, however far off your country is, and however mysterious you make it, Uncle Hillesborough and you, human nature, I suppose, is the same there as here."

The prince did not make any reply to this; he continued to shake his head. "It seems to me," he said, "that if, instead of taking precautions against thinking, you had allowed yourself to think, all might have been mended at any moment before things came to this pass."

"I didn't come to a man like you," cried the youth, almost indignantly, "to be told that! Why, any old woman could have told me that! Don't you know how it draws you on? Oh, hang it all, you must know! You can't have come to know such lots of things, and to understand men so well, without finding that out. It draws you on, and in a kind of a way you like to be drawn on; and you think it's life, and all that; and after a while you can't bear the quiet of home, and the routine. You must have something to excite you, to fill up the gaps. I don't know why things that are called wrong should always be nicer than things that are called right. They make you spin; they keep you going. But it isn't because they're wicked you care for them; it's because they are fun."

"To me they seem very poor fun," the stranger said.

"Well, perhaps," said the youth,

subdued. "You're above all that. I shouldn't suppose they would seem fun to you. I—shouldn't like it if they were. They're not always fun, to tell the truth, even to me; but they keep a fellow on. But you don't blame me badly, do you? You that know what men are?" he added, after a pause, glancing up with a pleading look, like the insinuating plea of a child.

"Yes," said the prince, "I blame you; but still more, I wonder at you, selling your youth and all your chances and hopes for less than the mess of pottage! That was always something—it satisfied a hunger of the moment; but yours are only the husks that the swine eat."

"Oh, I say!" cried the youth; then he paused, and said penitently, with a drooping head, "I believe you're not far wrong. I have been a dreadful ass, that is the truth." He looked up again with his boyish, insinuating plea. "But I've learned better now. I've bought my experience. Prince, if you will get Uncle Hillesborough to look over things this once, and start me straight, you shall see it will be very different another time."

"Will it be very different?" said the other. "If you had meant wrong the first time, and now meant right the second, I think there would be better hope; but you meant only fun, as you say; and how can you be sure that you will not mean fun again?"

"Oh, by Jove!" cried the young man, "I know better now! Fun's very well, but if it can only end in a revolver, one sees that won't pay. I'm up to a great many things now that I never thought of before. If you'll stand my friend, prince——"

"In any way, in every way, that is permitted, I shall certainly stand your friend," the stranger said, in his grave tones, but with his benignant look.

Young Arthur could not burst out with his schoolboy exuberance, "Oh, thank you; thank you awfully!" as he had intended. He was silenced by that look, which seemed to mean so much more than the words meant, which is not the usual way; but yet he did not know what they meant. He went away a little awestricken, yet he was full of hope.

And it was, I think, the same day that Lucy also sought the stranger with her story. She was more timid than her cousin. She had no confession of wrong-doing to make, in Arthur's way, but yet it was dreadful to the girl to be in opposition to her mother, and to be appealing to a person she knew so little. She said to him prettily, with downcast eyes, that she did not know how it was that it seemed more natural to speak to him than to any of her old friends whom she had known all her life.

"Perhaps it is because I am a stranger," said the prince.

"Oh," cried Lucy, "perhaps it is that! The others would either take sides with mamma or blame her—and she is not to be blamed, she is right; but oh, prince, you who know everything, I can't help thinking I am right too."

"I am afraid I don't know everything. I am only an inquirer among you little young people on the earth; but you will teach me to know——"

"I—teach you!" cried Lucy, clapping her hands; "but if you don't know everything, you understand, and that is better. O prince, I am so full of trouble and difficulty! One thinks naturally that anything one wishes for very, very much must be wrong, you know. But this I am quite, quite sure is not wrong."

"Tell me what it is," he said, with a smile.

She gave him a quick glance, and then drooped her head again. "You will know," she said very softly, "even though I didn't tell you, that it must be something about—about my marriage, prince."

The last words came out with a little rush, as if Lucy were glad to get them said. "Oh!" he said, "is that so?"

"What else could it be?" said Lucy, with a sigh. "Of course on no other subject would I oppose mamma. I know that she understands most things far better than I do; and she is very, very good. She is my best friend; she loves me more than anybody in the

world. O prince! you must not think I don't know that."

The prince smiled, looking down on her benignantly, but said no word.

"But when you think that it is I who must pass my life with him, not she—and that there is one whom—whom I—while the other, though I know he is a good man, and that mamma is right about him, and—and all that—yet I could not, I could not bear him—O prince, how could I, when there is another—another?"

Lucy put up her hands to her face, with a little sound of tears.

"Tell me about this other," the stranger said. "Sit down and be composed, and tell me everything you can tell——"

"I can tell you—all!" cried the girl. "I couldn't to anybody else; but I am sure you must have loved—some one very, very much, and you understand."

He smiled over her downcast head, and in answer to the sudden upward glance of her wet eyes; but the smile was mysterious, reticent, opening no confidences on his own part. He did not assent to the assertion she made, nor yet contradict it. His attention was given solely to the suppliant, not disturbed by any reflection from experiences of his own.

"This gentleman," said Lucy, plunging into the middle of her subject, "whom mamma thinks so much of, is old—at least older a great deal. I seem to have always known him. He is very nice, and he has always been very good to me. I might have done—what mamma and he wanted, and never known anything better, and just lived dull and half alive all my days. But one day last summer I went over quite by accident to see—some other girls at Horndean. I had not been invited. It was only because it was a fine day, and Uncle Hillesborough had given me my pretty little pony-cart, and I thought I should like to go; just a fancy, and quite by accident."

"Quite by accident," the prince echoed, in a tone which made Lucy look up at him once more; but she did not understand either his look or his mysterious, spectator smile.

"And there was—some one, who came in for tennis, quite by accident too. They had not asked him; they did not even know he was at home. And we drew each other for partners in the game, and we played all the afternoon; and afterwards he walked by the side of the pony-cart half the way home. He walks so quickly and so light, he went as fast as the pony. O prince, do not you think that when we met like this, without a thought, knowing nothing about it, that it must have been Providence—Providence—heaven itself—that brought us together when we never knew?"

"And this was the man?" the prince asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried Lucy with fervor, clasping her hands, too earnest even to blush, "this was the man! The only man—the only, only one that I could ever— And it is all so different. I might have married the other gentleman whom I was always meant to marry, and never known what it was at all— But the first moment I saw Harry I knew. I was ready to put my hand in his and go with him anywhere. And I don't mind if he is poor or rich; we could always, always get on together. We don't need even to speak to understand each other. We know what we mean—he me, and I him. And to think that we should have met like that——"

"Quite by accident," the prince repeated, in his musing tone.

"I prefer to say," said Lucy, with great gravity and solemnity, "by Providence, prince! It seems accident to us, but God,"—the girl lowered her voice with tender reverence and enthusiasm,—"God must have put us down for each other long before, and brought it about so, that we might always see His hand in it. *He* thinks so too. We are quite, quite sure that it has all been brought about by heaven. They say, you know, that marriages are made in heaven," she added, flashing a wistful smile at him out of her shining wet eyes.

"And is it a proof for that, that earth opposes?" the prince asked.

"Mamma opposes," said Lucy; "this is my great trial. He is not rich, and the other gentleman, of course, is; and

she still wants me to marry him, as if our love was a mere fancy and meant nothing, when it means everything—our whole lives! O prince, you can help us! Everybody listens to you."

"But," he said, "do you not think that your mother knows best that this gentleman, whom I do not know, whom she has chosen and selected for you, who has thought of you for years, is very likely a better mate for you than one whom you have met without any choice, inadvertently, quite, as you say, by accident?"

"Love doesn't choose," cried Lucy, "it comes! It doesn't think of being suitable or not; it just is, and there is no more to be said. O prince! I shall think you do not know so much as I supposed, have not had so much experience as I thought, if you don't know that. It is the only thing in all the world that is quite, quite true."

"It seems a beautiful thing—through your eyes," he said; "but if I talked with your mother——"

"Mamma," cried Lucy, "would not deny that; nobody would deny it. They may try to get over it, but they would not deny it; for everybody at least, though they may go against their knowledge — which is blasphemy — knows what love is."

"They know what love is?"

"Oh, yes, yes, prince! And that it comes, like the wind in the Bible, where it listeth—bloweth where it listeth—comes when no one is thinking of it, without any invitation, without any arrangement."

"Quite by accident," the prince repeated, with a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

The party at Hillesborough being, as has been said, a party composed of very distinguished persons, with aims and pursuits much above the common, was greatly occupied at this particular moment by discussions concerning the best means of reforming society, and especially concerning the condition of the poor, which takes up so much thought and so many anxious plans in this generation. There were some very active advocates of that which calls itself the service of man, and which considers itself an immense improvement upon the service of God, though that has been for many hundred years the rule by which loving your neighbor as yourself was given forth as the half of law and religion. And there were also many who went in the ways of that older faith. Much discussion, not only between these different methods, but upon—to their credit be it said—the best way in which each man could try his own method without assailing his neighbor's, was naturally rife, and many schemes were debated in the hearing of the stranger, who listened so courteously to every speaker, but never put in any suggestion or advice of his own. This was his general attitude—hearing everybody speak, without either criticism or judgment, collecting all opinions, and listening with grave respect to what the very humblest had to say. But, naturally, his imposing presence and all the prestige that surrounded him, the sense of superior intelligence and understanding which everybody felt who approached him, made this silence on his part unnatural, and he soon was referred to on all sides for his opinion. "One who has seen so much as you have," it was said, "with so many varied experiences — so great a student of human nature—" These words came from different speakers, all pressing upon him to know what he thought.

"A student of human nature, am I?" he said. "Yes, it is perhaps the distinction which I am most willing to adopt. My studies have not been of long duration, nor so profound as I should like them to be. But still, human nature is the most interesting thing in the world—a thing which, above all, as the Scriptures say, the — other races desire to look into."

"It is flattering to the Scriptures to be quoted by you, if a little unexpected and old-fashioned," some one said.

"Ah, you think so? I am old-fashioned. I have heard even from some of your clever people that I do not exist," said the prince, with a smile.

There was a little chorus of half-

laughter. "Berkeley, you mean," with little liftings of the eyebrows, however, between some of the hearers, and a murmur of "Old-fashioned, indeed!"

The prince replied to this murmur as if it had been the voice of the company in general, distinguishing the whisperer, who had been only heard in the shape of an inarticulate murmur by the rest. "Very old-fashioned, as I told you, keeping many primary ideas; and I have always found very great interest in the human race. To us who are bound by other rules, the mere existence of this delightful vagrant in the universe, a creature always choosing, always changing, acting according to a will which is not the same for two days together, is the miracle of miracles; a being so strange, that can lift up its reasonings, its little round of fantastic argument, against the Lord of heaven and earth; that can defy him, and yet is not consumed; whose laws of living are so unlike everything else; with whom nothing is settled, nothing certain; the plaything, not of chance, as you say, or of fate, as your predecessors said, but of something far more fantastic and wayward still, his own will. Sometimes I have noticed that a woman, that a child, as being a still more marked embodiment of the law of your being, is an object of the same tender, amused observation to you as the universe in general gives to your race."

The circle gathered closer around the prince, with looks, some of aroused curiosity, others of offended surprise. "Our race, I suppose, whatever difference there may be in nationality, is yours also. You philosophers of the East take much upon you, but scarcely to be above humanity," one speaker said.

"The prince is from Thibet. I knew it," said another, with a laugh.

But the attitude of Lord Hillesborough was the most curious of all. He stood with an expression of the deepest anxiety, and also of an almost agonized entreaty, upon his face, addressing that speechlessly with look and gesture to his friend. The prince gave him a smile, waving his hand as if gently putting the remonstrance away. He made no reply to the comments of the other spectators.

"Your schemes," he said, "are good; there is much in them of that divine charity which some of you acknowledge (as if you were paying a compliment to your God), and some of you do not. You will do something by them, all of you, in proportion to the heart you put into them; yet you will never do anything. For why? It is impossible that you should ever succeed."

"And why should we not ever succeed?" asked one. The circle laughed; it was angry. There was quite a tumult of feeling round the speaker.

"Because you have to do with a race which learns nothing, which makes no progress, which begins again afresh in every generation——"

His voice was lost in a chorus of laughter and exclamations. "This is too much, in the very age and birthday of the science of evolution. We allow all that the Mystic can demand as a matter of argument; but no progress? Prince, this is too much!"

"You did not think, I suppose, that I spoke of your machinery—the great paraphernalia of life-convenience that you build about yourselves? That does not make you true or pure, or to walk humbly with your God. What is it this earth of yours wants to make it happy and free of those evils you contend with?"

"Ah, tell us that!" some one cried.

"I will tell you that; it is simple. It is like what you say to a child; it is to be good. It is that it should get once more into harmony with the will of God. It is that it should eschew evil, learn to do well. It is that it should become natural to be pure, to be temperate, to be true. It is that no man should hurt his neighbor, or tempt his neighbor, or vex his neighbor any more; that there should be no excess, no breach of the rules of nature, no rebellion against the institutions of God——"

"Ah, that, *par exemple!* long sermons and daily prayers and so forth!"

The prince took no notice. He went on with his calm voice, as of one who knew no argument, who stated only the most evident, unassailable fact.

"Whereas," he said, "every human dwelling is full of rebellion and refusal. It is the first thing in the outset of a child upon life. That which is ordained is resisted; the principle of all things is to contradict. It seemed to us others a wonderful possession, to have this will, this power of choice—a virtue which none of us could reach who were bound by other laws—the very flower of being; not to follow our Father's guidance only by necessity of nature, but to do it by choice, selecting his noble will by the glory of its own manifestation as the best, the only way. Who to be so much envied, so much thought of, as Men? Even afterwards there was still a charm. It is more wonderful than any evolution—I take your word," he said, looking round him with a smile,—"to see a creature of God standing, choosing, amid all the powers of heaven and earth, everything in love and subordination save he—he alone, by his nature, free to do what he will. Think of it! We did so and sang for joy. The triumph and the height of all seemed to us to be so made that you could choose. Those who choose not, but obey; who know not hatred nor falsehood nor disturbance, but only the law of love—applauded, acclaimed to the farthest depths of the infinite. To us, I tell you, it is a charm still to see every new man come into the world, to see him hesitate which turn he will take, to see everything placed before him, and his own soul confirm the lesson, and experience point out, and conscience protest. Ah, you know that process, every one of you. It is another evolution than your science dreams of. The father has learned the lesson, but that does not teach the son. Over and over, over and over, your own children show it forth before you. To each new generation the world begins over again; each new man makes his choice like the first man, untaught by what has gone before him, undaunted by the misery of the past."

The group which had gathered round the prince was silent. Some of them looked at each other askance, as if saying, He has heard of So-and-so or So-and-so; for there were those there who had learned that lesson bitterly in the ruin of their children or their friends. Those who felt in themselves that this stranger was perhaps playing upon the secrets of their lives, confronted him with a pale defiance not to betray their consciousness of that truth; but all were still overawed by his bearing, and the wonder of his attitude, and what he said.

His face suddenly melted as he looked round after that address. A tender smile came upon it. His eyes grew luminous and soft as if with tears. He broke forth in a voice that was slightly broken with a sound of half weeping and half laughter. "But all by accident!" he said. "The new man pauses; he thinks; he chooses in his heart; it is solemn to him as the movement of the spheres; when, lo! a little breeze rises, a little cloud floats over him, a bird sings, a comrade calls, and he turns—into the other way. Not with intention. He has no mind to go wrong; it is only for once, for a moment, and all will be well again. And as it begins, so it goes on. His life, that was to be so lofty and so great, becomes an accident—the accident of accidents. He does not know when he wakes in the morning how far he may have gone ere night. He goes out heedless and smiling, and meets Ruin round the first corner. He makes a thousand plans, and then foils them all in a moment by the lifting of his hand. He cannot tell from hour to hour where his steps are to carry him. He remembers and ponders and knows—yet next time does the same. We who look on are moved by I cannot tell you what wonder, what interest, what pity! We would shout aloud to warn him, but our voices are not as his; and who can warn him who knows all that we could tell him, and the penalties, better than we, yet makes no difference? The wisest cannot tell what he will do next, where his steps may stray. We watch him as you might watch a child upon the edge of a precipice. He totters; he stumbles; he turns aside; the butterfly leads him now to the edge of destruction, now away, laughing, to the flowery fields; then, while you rejoice, back again, like the flight of a bird,

over into the darkness. Ah!" cried the stranger, with a voice that burst forth like a great organ, "that last alone is what appals you. You think then that all is over, whereas it is the great escape."

He paused a little, nobody saying a word, then resumed in a calmer tone: "How are you to set right this round of accident? You cannot make any man begin where his father left off, or profit by his experience. But I have learned one great thing by coming here, and it has been a consolation to me unspeakable, almost making up for everything. It is, that he very rarely means any harm when he begins. What he intends is to do well. Take this to your heart, you that are truly troubled. Very, very rarely do they mean any harm. There is one here who meant to be a noble man like those he belonged to, but one heedless step after another has brought him face to face with despair. Ah!" said the prince, with a little start of pleasure, looking round him, "this law works also in things which are not evil, but good. I see another who went forth one day like a child to her play, and met another who is to be her companion through earth and heaven. They did not plot it nor plan. An hour before they had never heard each other's names. An hour after, and the link that is never to be broken was welded between them. They met—by accident. Can I tell you how this was done? Not I; nor can they. Love is; it is not known how it comes; it is an accident like all the rest." Here he turned towards his host, and called him by that name which no one understood, or could ever catch distinctly. "Brother," he said, with a tone of mild authority, "you will look to these two, for they are yours. See to it." He paused again, then turned to the little anxious crowd, which was full of eager curiosity. "The strange thing is," he said, "that this free soul, this being all will and independence, has never yet, amid all his vagaries, chosen fully and always to be good. This was what we looked for, hoped for, fully expected; that out of so many there would be one here and there who, in the fulness of his will, would choose. There was One, as you all know; but he was the only one in heaven or the universe who could do whatever he would, whose existence was his own to use as he pleased. There might have been some among us who would gladly have tried, but each of us belongs to his own sphere, and has his own duty to render; and who could tell that with man's will we might not have failed as he does? There was but One bound by no law; and he, you know, has done it. He took your nature and your will, and exposed himself to all your accidents, and chose the perfect life, and fulfilled it. You all know. And in the face of the Son the Father sees you all. Nay, a greater wonder still than that, if greater wonder can be. When I look at you," the prince said, touching lightly his bosom, bowing slightly his head, "it goes to my heart. You are a little like him—a little, a little—for he is a man in the fulness of your manhood. You remind us all, like little brothers, like far-off relations, always of him. Think whether those whose image our Lord wears are dear to us or not! There is something in all of you—a look, a movement. You wear his features, and flout him as if he had never been. The wonder of it! But you are a little like him all the same, all of you, even in what you call the slums. I, who have been there, have been caught by a glance—just a movement of the eyes, perhaps, a lifting of a hand, something, I can't tell what—that reminded me of my Lord."

He paused with a long breath of emotion, and there came from the bosom of that little crowd, all gathered round him, a sigh which was unspeakable, which meant they knew not what—a strange thrill, an indescribable feeling. The stranger made a slight movement, as if shaking off an impression too deep for the moment. And then he resumed:

"In the mean time, it is very good, very good, that you should help your brothers, as that they should help you, and good will come, accidentally, as all your actions are swayed. But you will make no fundamental change. If by giving bread and coals, and educa-

tion and comfort, you could make them good! But that is the only thing; and as for these thousands of years they have not chosen it, it is not likely they will to-day. And no one can force them to be good. God may not. His pledge is against it. They are to be free; it is the law of their being, as it is ours to obey. The consolation is, that though all do evil, scarcely one—I have never seen one—meant to do it from the beginning; perhaps not one. They are swept along by accident after accident. And thus your earth sways undestroyed in the great space and breath of God, which is common to us all. And the years go on towards their accomplishment. And your countenance, the face of man, shines over us in heaven."

"What is all this talk," said one of the spectators, impatient, who had long been trying to get utterance, "of us and you, as if you had some superiority over our race, or were not subject to all our penalties? You speak well, prince, and your traditions may be so different from ours as to give you this feeling. Still I suppose you are a man like the rest of us. I like that you said about no one meaning harm, and about each starting afresh. I have myself felt that. But——"

The speaker paused, confused. He uttered a strange sound as of wonder, remonstrance, bewilderment. Some one said after that there had been a noise in the other part of the room, and that everybody had looked around. I don't know what explanation of the incident there might be in that, or, indeed, if it really was so at all. But this is certain: that the gentleman who had begun to reply to the stranger suddenly paused, making that wonderful sound in his throat. And it immediately became apparent to everybody around that the foreign prince, Lord Hillesborough's guest and friend, was no longer there. It happened in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Even had the attention of the other guests been called momentarily away, there was no second door by which he could have left the room, and nobody saw him leave the room. But he was not there. He had been the centre of the group, closely surrounded; and that living circle had not opened, that anybody was aware of, to let him go forth. But he was not there. There was, as was natural, a great outcry and hubbub. Some of the women fell a-crying; the man who had been speaking stood with his lips apart, as if still in his consciousness giving forth that strange, muffled cry. One man cried in mockery, "I told you he was a Mahatma from Thibet!" But perhaps the strangest thing of all was the aspect of old Lord Hillesborough, who was perceived to be standing quite outside the group, with his hands clasped, and the most wonderful expression of tenderness and trouble in his face. Whoever was surprised, it was very evident he was not surprised, which to some seemed the most curious of all.

Arthur, the young heir of the house, rushed out of the room as if with the intention of following and finding the visitor who had disappeared. He returned in a few minutes with Jerningham in a state of great excitement, sobbing, with gasps of utterance, and holding an open paper in his hand, "Which I don't deserve it, my lord, I don't deserve it!" he cried. "I've done, perhaps, no worse than others would have done in my place, and I didn't mean no harm; if he didn't use 'em himself it seemed—it seemed a kind of a pity not to use 'em; and here he says I'm to have all, but I don't deserve it, my lord."

Half a dozen people precipitated themselves upon the paper in Jerningham's hand, hoping to discover some mystery; but it was no more than a few simple words, requesting that Jerningham should have all that was in his hands. "He will do better another time," the paper bore, and it was signed by a curious cipher in a language to which no one there had any clue. Jerningham interposed, with convulsive exclamations, "He have put the big diamond into his 'at again," he said. "I thought as something must be up. He didn't leave that—no, my lord, oh, no! Nor I wouldn't have touched it if he had, seeing how once it took and grabbed me—me that was doing no harm. O Lord! no, that's not true. But oh, gentlemen, he's took it, and

he's gone—and the best of masters, and I'll never see his like again——"

The commotion that ensued in the house, and the way in which many of the gentlemen present endeavored to trace the mysterious visitor, walking all over the park, going to all the railway stations, and making a hundred inquiries, need scarcely be told. Some of them thought they had accounted for his disappearance more or less satisfactorily. As for Lord Hillesborough, who made no inquiries, he was fully satisfied a few days after by the arrival of a letter from the north of Scotland, written in the scratchy and tremulous handwriting of a woman, and one that did not appear to be an educated woman or belonging to his own class. It ran as follows :

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER : One that you will know of has just come in bye to me, and bid me to write and tell you his visit was over, but stepped out of his road to give me a word as a poor person that has had great privileges and been admitted to things she does not attempt to understand. Dear sir, he bids you to know that he is well satisfied, and glad that he was permitted to come, and has now gone to his own place. the which you will understand better than me ; and that if you will take his advice about things you are acquainted with, he is free to say it will be well. He sends you his greetings, but no farewell, seeing that he awaits your arrival soon, and also that of me, an unworthy sister, scarce daring to put down, though he gives me the permission, dear sir and brother, my new name, ——"

What followed was in the same cipher as that of the prince. The old earl had seen it before, but did not know who was the bearer on earth of that name.

He took the advice of his mysterious counsellor, and abounded more than ever, if that were possible, in good deeds and kindness to all. And one day he was found smiling in his chair, where he had sat in a great peace all the night, having departed many hours before any one knew. The last thing he had done was to trace on the paper before him a word in the same cipher as the above, which no doubt was also his name there whither he had gone.

And the prince, so far as I am aware, has not been seen or heard of more.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

The Weather

CRIMSON-KIRTLED maiden,
With braided flaxen hair,
Stands in her little doorway
Whenever it is fair.

Whenever it is rainy,
A pretty lad in blue
Comes to his little threshold,
As if to note the view.

Whenever it is rainy,
She hastes with curious care
To hide herself—as he does
Whenever it is fair.

She looks upon the sunlight
With melancholy eyes,
And thinks, "If there were some one
About my style and size,
With whom I could at all times
Entirely sympathize!"

of the World.

And with an apprehension
Her timid pulses stir
Of just such a fine springal
As lives next door to her.

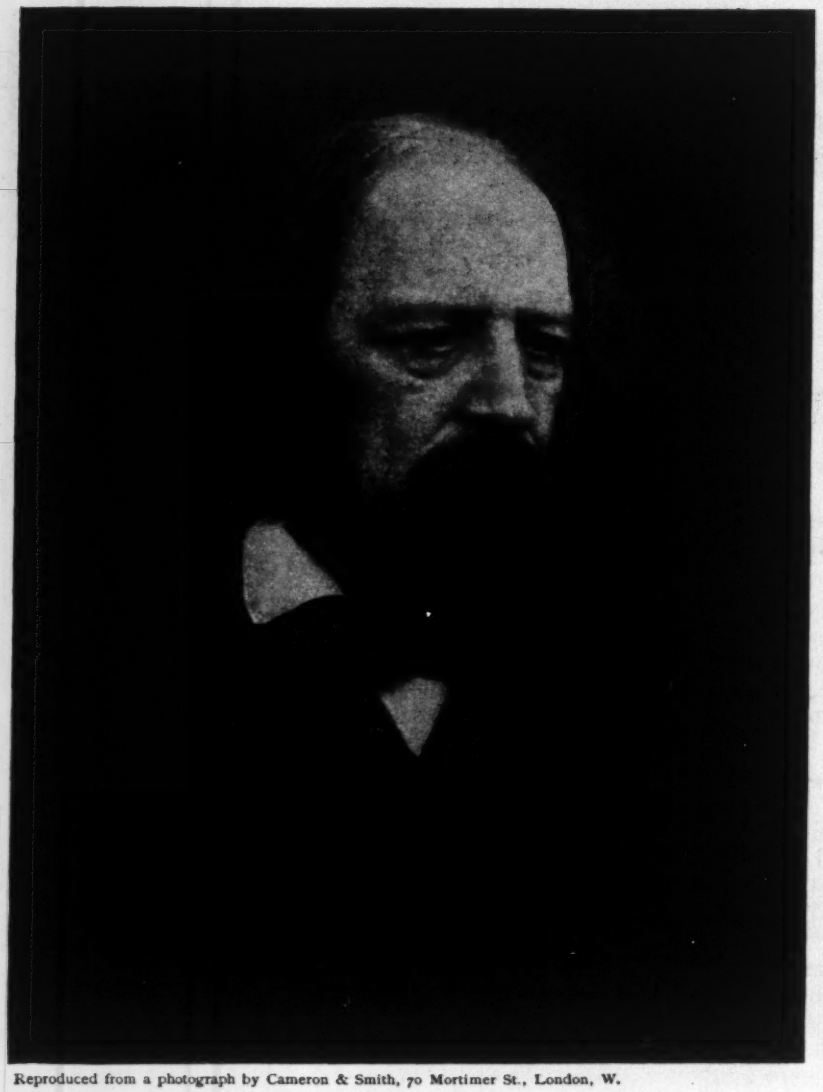
He watches the dull raindrops
Drenching the misty land;
His soul sighs for another
Soul, similarly planned,
That might from its own yearning
His yearnings understand.

And his lone spirit wanders
'Mid fancies soft and dim
Of just such a young person
As lives next door to him.

So near that if they listened
Each might hear the other sigh;
So near they might touch fingers
If they knew but to try,—

If they might meet, what rapture!
But it can never be:
It shines—and he retires;
It rains—and in goes she.

From advance sheets of "Allegretto," by Gertrude Hall. Boston: Roberts Bros.



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ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1866.

TENNYSON'S FRIENDSHIPS.

By Edwin C. Martin.

WHAT gives Lord Tennyson's writings an especial hold on the public regard is their sensitiveness, their responsiveness, to the spirit and movement of the times. In the early days, while the force and direction of Tennyson's career were still a little open to question, Edward Fitzgerald wrote to a friend who was disposed to doubt Tennyson's gift of "helpfulness:" "When he has *felt* life, you will see him acquire all that at present you miss; he will not die fruitless of instruction as he is." The prediction was verified almost before it was ventured. Whatever of more than momentary

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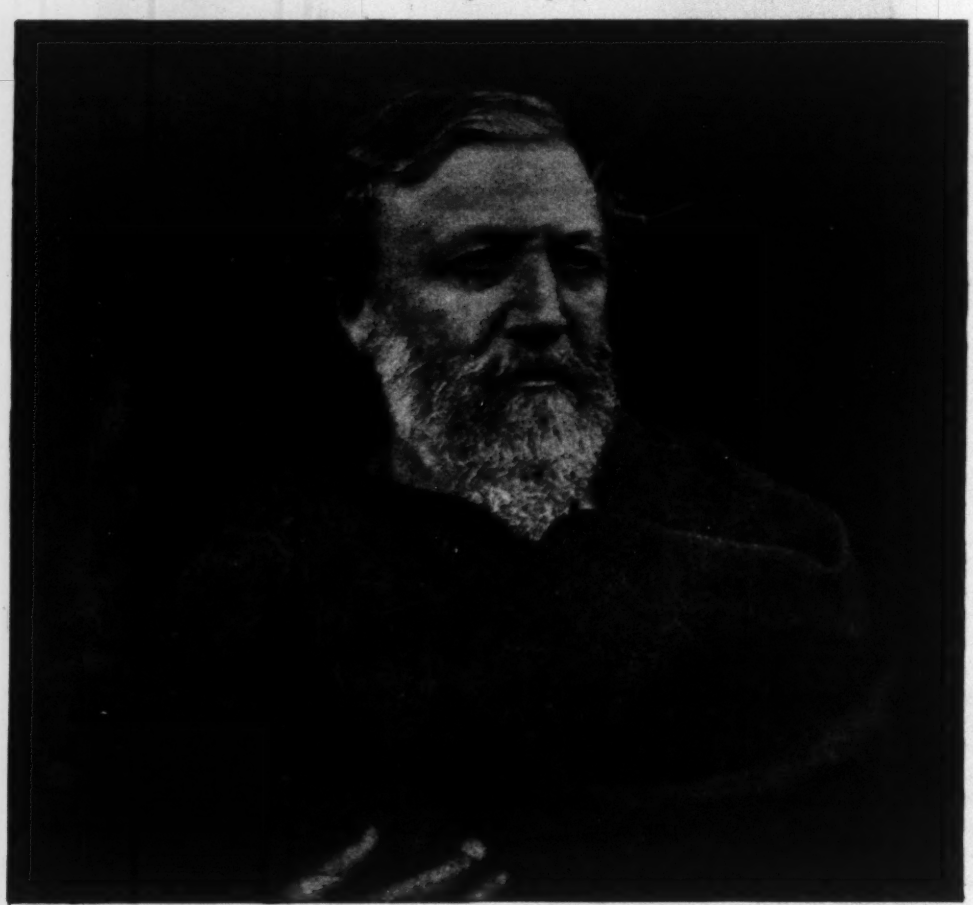
LADY TENNYSON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

importance the world about him was doing, or thinking, or saying, got expression in his verse. Thus his poems are, in a sense, a history of the spiritual and intellectual progress of England from the first to the last quarter of the century; and people resort to them as to a hand-book or a monitor for suggestion and direction in perplexities of the very hour. The instructive quality, in fact, came finally to emphasize itself to such a degree that the later objection to Tennyson was exactly the opposite of that which Fitzgerald had confuted in his correspondent in the early days. With reference to the play of "The Promise of May," this objection was urged so strenuously that it forced from Tennyson what very rarely in all his long life he had deigned to give—a word of defence; and he wrote to a friend: "The British drama must be in a low state indeed if, as certain dramatic critics have lately told us, none of the great moral and social questions of the time ought to be touched upon in a modern play."

This timeliness is the more remarkable in Tennyson, because in his private life no man ever held himself

more studiously aloof from the world. Wordsworth even, though he made more of a religion of it, had no stronger habit of seclusion. Tennyson's closest friends found him extremely hard to come at, losing all trace of him for long periods. "What is become of Alfred?" asks Fitzgerald. "He never writes nor is heard of." And he repeats the complaint when Tennyson is off at some water-cure establishment: "Hydropathy has done its worst; he writes the names of his friends in water." A letter of Lord Houghton's once sought him in "every little market town in the county," and found him, at last, a week behind its time, eight miles from a post-office; and even then it brought no answer.

Barring his door so resolutely against the world, how did he contrive to keep in such close, sure knowledge of it, in such ready sympathy with it? Mainly, no doubt, by sheer force of genius. That universal sensibility and insight which genius primarily is, enabled him to learn at a flash, intuitively, what ordinary men learn only by plodding investigation and experience. But he must also have been greatly helped by such friendships as he did allow himself. These, after all, were not so few, and they were of a rare quality. He knew, and knew familiarly, whoever in England was of highest authority in church, or state, or letters, or civil life. And while with these he still had his large reserves, he saw them frequently, and held no end of high, generous, free-flowing talk with them. Indeed, to the sense of the ordinary American housekeeper it must seem, in view of the



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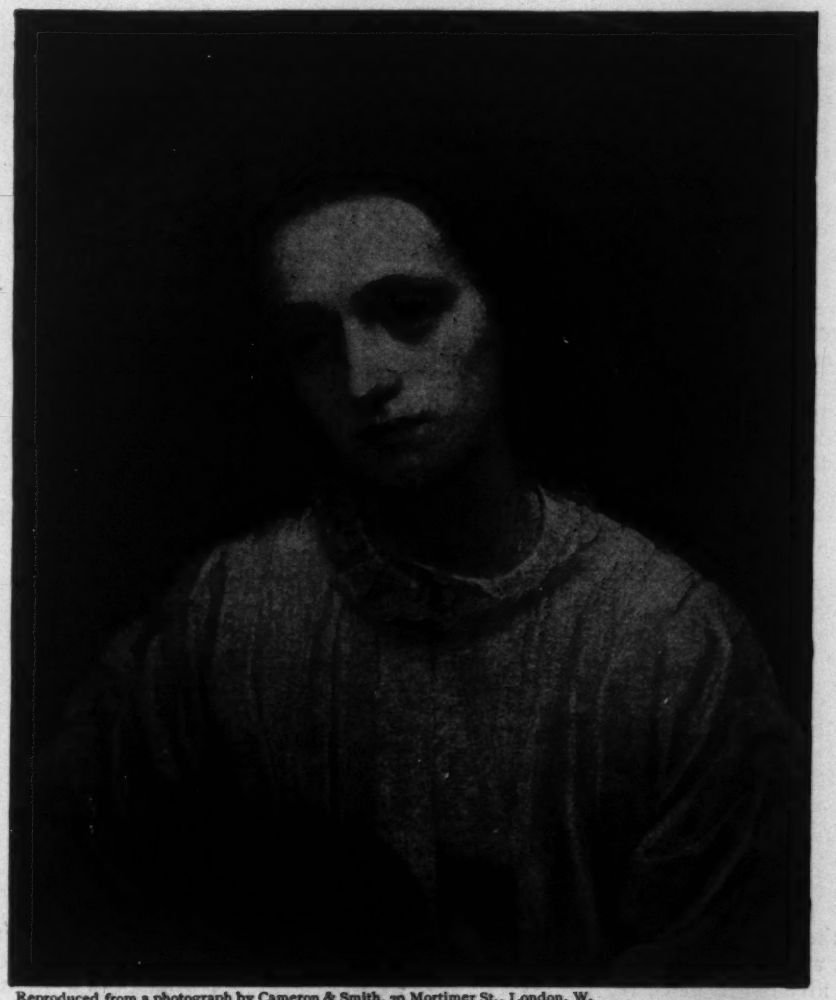
ROBERT BROWNING.



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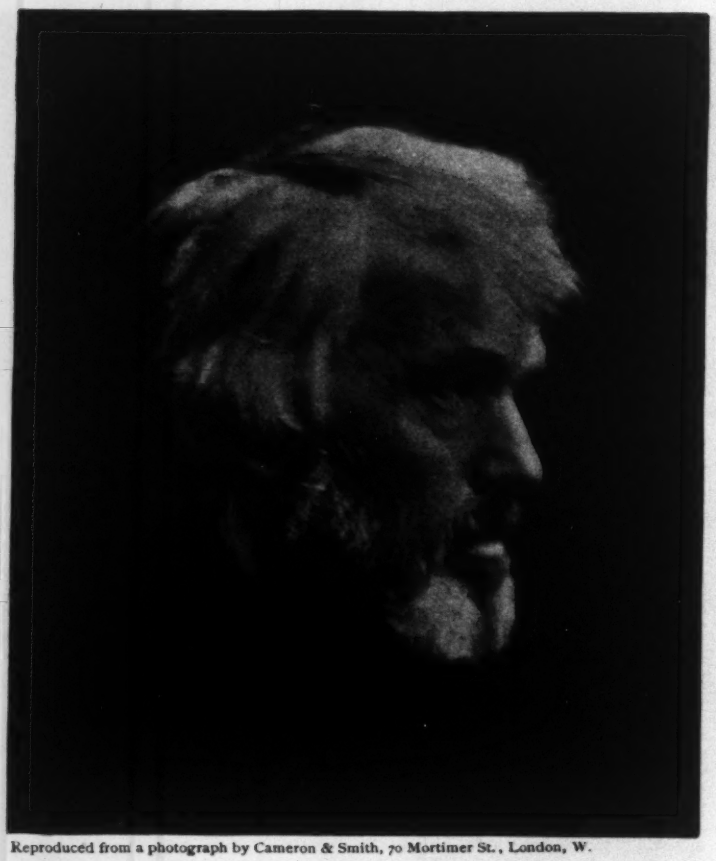
JULIA MARGARET CAMERON. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

hospitalities practised at Farringford and Aldworth, a little absurd to speak of Tennyson's privacy. Thus his position with reference to the proceedings of the world was like that of the newspaper editor who has his "private wire," save that he didn't boast of it in his columns. He learned of the great deeds that were doing, from the very lips of the doers.

Along with its incalculable obligation to Tennyson, the world has, therefore, some obligation to his friends. It has some obligation to them on two accounts: not only that they kept Tennyson well informed of it; but also that they have kept it, in its turn, well informed of him. For here is a second oddity in the history of Tennyson: the man who was at most pains to keep hidden from observation is better known to us in his personality and his mode of life than almost any other of his time. The professed reporters were rigorously, nay, roughly, beaten off; the official biographer has not yet borne his voluminous pack to our doors; and, nevertheless, we already know, down to the last button, how Tennyson dressed; down to the last wink and crumb how he slept and ate; down to the last accent how he read and talked. I can think of men who would pay right handsomely to



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THOMAS CARLYLE.

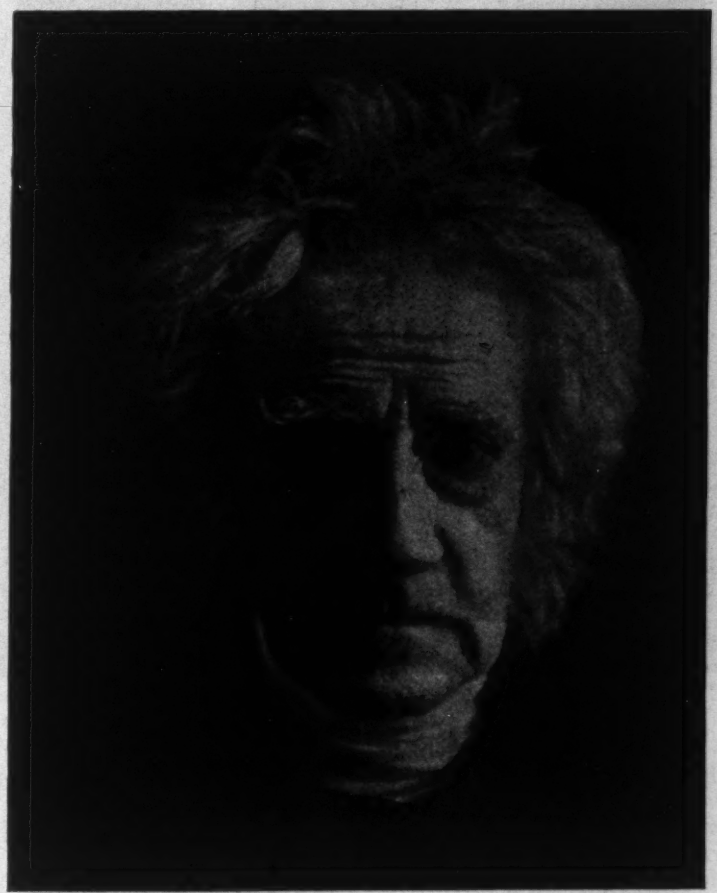
get the twentieth part of as much in print regarding their own private lives as is already in print regarding Tennyson's. And for most of this personal gossip our thanks are due alone to Lord Tennyson's friends. I, for one, pay mine here, and gladly recognize the favor. Because of a few recent excesses, both in ministration and indulgence, a stridently virtuous tone is just now sounding over the unfolding of the ordinary life of extraordinary people. But it is an entirely visionary day when men will cease to care to know how near or far from like their own the ordinary life of the extraordinary is; and at least every reading man must have found by his own experience that such a curiosity, kept within anything like reason, is altogether wholesome. Emerson was no trifler. "Be sure, then, to read no mean books," was his caution. Yet he recommended, and himself made great use of, certain autobiographies and books of table-talk. No more a trifler was George Eliot, who shared with Emerson a predilection for the "Confessions" of Rousseau.

Not only did Tennyson's friends thwart his purpose to shut out the reporter, but they went farther, and uncapped the camera upon him. There is just come from the press a regal book * of portraits—some twenty-five in all, of himself and of the choicest of his betrayers to the world—most of the negatives for which were made by

* London: T. Fisher Unwin. The edition is limited to four hundred copies, only one hundred and fifty of which are for sale in the United States. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the American agents. In the book the portraits are introduced by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie with that delicacy and warm-heartedness with which she always writes of whomever in the nobility of letters it has been her high lot to know.

two personal friends, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, and her son H. H. H. Cameron. Mrs. Cameron lived a neighbor to Tennyson for many years in the Isle of Wight, and grew into such intimacy with him and his friends that it came naturally to pass that he and they posed for her. Of a most distinguished and refined nature herself, she did full justice to each, in his turn, of that rare circle; for she was of unique preëminence in a profession of which she has made a great and noble art. "When I have had these men before my camera," she beautifully said, "my whole soul has endeavored to do its duty towards them in recording faithfully the greatness of the inner as well as the features of the outer man." Therein lies much of the power of her marvellous productions, which merit comparison only with the best portraits of the old masters. It is from Mrs. Cameron's negatives that the portraits given here are reproduced.

Mrs. Cameron alone could have made these portraits; but a nature much less sympathetic, much less artistic than hers, must have felt some inspiration before such countenances as it fell to her to portray. The distinction of the Victorian age, one sometimes hears, is mainly commercial and industrial. Of intellectual and spiritual eminence it may not boast. But with the faces of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, Sir John Herschel, and Charles Darwin before him, one rejects this judgment utterly. Out of what former age could a nobler



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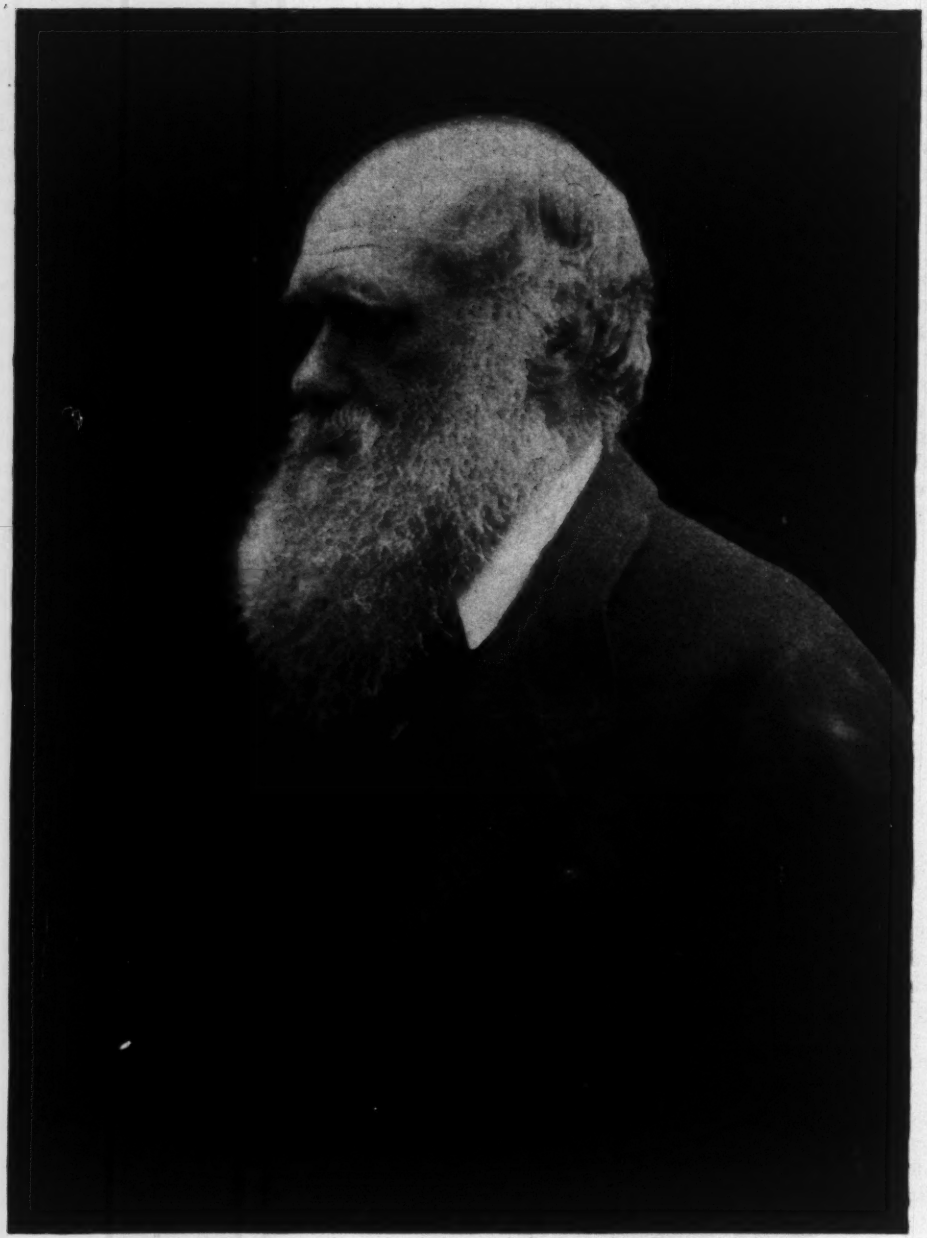
SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.



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CHARLES DARWIN.

group of English portraits than this be drawn? And to double the force of its good argument, one has the knowledge that every man of the group, in the smallest, the most secret part of his life, was full as noble as he looked, and for whoever would live resolutely to an ideal purpose each serves as an encouragement and precious example. The loftiest aim and the utmost steadfastness was the principle of their lives; and it is this that vivifies their portraits. Hard men are they, therefore, for any age to better.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

FIGURE to yourself how poor the Wilds were; little Claude, who was five years old, had never tasted plum cake! Never, that is, until the eventful day that I shall describe.

There were three children, Lucius, Claude, and Evangeline. The widow Wild being too poor to give her children anything else fine, had given them the finest of names, which, she was accustomed to say, "wouldn't wear out, nohow."

The Wilds lived in a two-roomed log cabin in the great gum woods, only two miles from a railway village. They rented their land, paying rent in the corn and cotton of their raising. They owned ten pigs and a cow, and Mr. Ormond, their landlord, allowed them the use of a pair of mules. Fuel is to be had for the gathering in the forest, while fruit and vegetables grow almost of their own motion, in Arkansas. But there was little enough money kept in the widow's old stocking—purse she had none—and, when the cold Christmas rains came, Lucius could not go to school for lack of a warm jacket. Claude could not go, anyhow, because he must "mind Baby Sister."

Sometimes this was no easy task; Baby Sister taking perverse and trying notions into her head, and being a stubborn child. On the very day of the plum cake there was Claude to be seen, trudging along with Evangeline's red sunbonnet flaunting above his own ragged cap.

"'Bliged to wear two hats," says Claude, "'cause Baby Sister never will wear hers."

He says it to Colonel Ormond. Colonel Ormond reins in his horse; he is riding home from the store, and, I daresay, that big bag slung over his saddle-horn holds something to help make Christmas merry.

"Mymy! mymy!" exclaims the good-natured man, "you'll catch cold and have pneumonia, sure! Here"—he fishes a brown paper parcel out of his "saddle riders"—"I bought some nice

cakes with raisins in for my youngsters. Put your hat right on like a good little girl, and there's one for you. Here's yours, Bud."

The bribe was successful. Baby Sister allowed Claude to tie her bonnet as she munched her cake; but she wouldn't say "thank you," although Claude prompted her: "What do you say, Baby Sister?" And she wouldn't say, "I wish you well, sir," like a polite little Arkansas child, when Colonel Ormond rode away. Not she: she sat down in the cold mud, naughty, rude little Baby Sister, and devoured her plum cake.

"You isn't to set on the ground, Baby Sister," said Claude, pulling at her arms. "Maw said you mustn't! You'll be sure chillin'!"

"*Vill* set on ground," remarked Baby Sister, calmly.

Baby Sister was a determined character. She was also fat. Claude knew from experience that he could not carry her half a mile. "And if I slap her she'll lay down flat and beller!" thought he. Therefore this wise little lad tried diplomacy. "Say, Baby Sister," said he in tones of silken softness, "less we all go look at the circus!"

Baby Sister came up like a bouncing ball, and smiled like a cherub. "Me good now," lisped she.

You must not suppose that there was a real circus to see. A real circus had exhibited its splendors, yesterday, at the village; but the Wilds were too poor to buy tickets. They all saw the procession, however, which of itself was a thrilling experience. What Claude named the circus was the brilliant poster on a deserted barn by the high road. How may a grown-up person adequately describe the magnificence of that cartoon? The beauteous damsels pirouetting on flying white steeds; the valiant gentlemen in pink tights, with curled mustaches, turning summersaults over trapezes; best of all, the savage beasts—lions, bears, rhinoceroses, tigers—crouching and ramping and tearing their prey in the brightest jungles!

Ah, how frightful! how glorious! Claude could have gazed on the animals by the hour. Especially did he admire the grizzly bear, him in the lower right-hand corner where the piece was torn off. The fact is, Claude always kept a lively interest in bears because of his mother's "Bear Stories." In Mrs. Wild's narratives there were no grizzlies nor cinnamon nor black bears; the bears were divided into two moral species only: the Good Bears and the Bad Bears.

The Bad Bear hankered to eat up "mean" little boys and girls; but the Good Bear (luckily always at the Bad Bear's heels) was the natural protector of good little children, and even pitied children who sometimes were "mean," and generally—after a heart-shaking suspense—contrived to rescue the child in peril, after which he would return in triumph to a thank-offering of nuts and honey.

"Dat good bear?" chirped Baby Sister, standing on one foot, and tilting her wee chin back, the better to view the picture. Claude likewise stood on one foot. It was because the ground was cold, and the winter stock of shoes was not bought yet.

So the little Wilds stood on one foot, as the chickens do, to keep warm.

"I reckon," said Claude. Then he told the often-told story to such good effect that, on its happy conclusion, Baby Sister was quite willing to go home.

"And I tell you what, Baby Sister," said the brother confidentially, "I ain't done et a bit of that cake with the white candy on top, and I are going to save it for maw for Christmas gift."

Baby Sister trotted along, paying no attention.

"Santa Claus never does give maw are Christmas gift. He don't give we all much Christmas gifts, anyhow," mused Claude; "reckon we all's house does be so small them reindeer of his

jest lopes it and stops by the big houses."

Baby Sister was not old enough to care even for Santa Claus; but she ran on cheerfully, crooning a funny little song about a "cakey."

Behold the children now, walking hand in hand, like good little brother and sister, through the vast, dim forest. I can see exactly how they looked. I can see the forest. A few bright leaves still are clinging to the boughs of the gum trees and the slim dogwood branches. There are smears of green on the willow oaks. The sun burns in flickering splashes on these gay hues; it lightens the rusty shreds of foliage on the other trees; strikes narrow gleams of silver out of the black pool to the children's right, and paints softer and brighter the soft, bright green of the moss on cypress trunks. The cypress trees grow in the water. This is the "swag-land" that Claude's mother cautions him, daily, to shun; for in that muddy water two helpless children might sink and die, and their shrieks be never heard!

No doubt Claude looked upward at the clusters of mistletoe, the white berries of which gleamed among the tree tops, and wished himself as big as Lucius. Lucius had been promised a whole large silver dollar when he should fetch a barrel of mistletoe and holly to Mr. Crosby, the Northern gentleman who was staying at Colonel Ormond's. He was a very accomplished gentleman, this Northern gentleman; he had come from Texas, where he had killed bears and deer, and learned to lasso wild horses. He was going to send the mistletoe to a pretty young lady North; he told Claude so himself. Claude thought that it must be his sister. He gave Claude fifty cents once, for nothing on earth but gathering him a bag of pecan nuts. He had as much money as that!

Marvelling over such wealth and generosity, Claude ran along the path. They had reached the lowlands, and Claude, who obediently kept on the higher ground, was lifting Baby Sister in order to carry her across a muddy place, when—an awful thing happened! Claude saw a bear. Not a bear in a picture this time; a real flesh and blood, fur and claws bear! He was plain to see, coming at a gentle pace through the trees, a huge bulk of grayish black, with black muzzle, and a red, red tongue lolling between two jagged white saws of teeth.

Claude's heart bumped against his ribs. His thin legs shook to the extent that he had like to have dropped Baby Sister. Was the Bad Bear come to eat them at last? In one swift and agonized glance his eyes seized on the single chance of escape. A log floated on the water of the hollow, one end almost touching the dry ground, the other against a hackberry tree. Like all such trees, the hackberry had knots and lumps on the trunk, and many low-

growing limbs. Children that had climbed from babyhood could wriggle up the tree by these knots, and sit in the branches. The unsteady log would bear their light weight, but it would not hold up a big bear.

It is not likely that Claude reasoned the matter out completely; some instinctive picture of such a thing came to him, and he hurried Baby Sister on to the safety bridge. She had seen the bear now. She was sure it was the Bad Bear, sent on a mission of vengeance because she had been "mean;" and she clung to Claude, trembling, so that she nearly toppled him over, and wailing, "Oh, don't let bear eat Baby! Baby be good! Me good now!" in a piteous small voice of fright.

How poor little Claude, with his heart jumping and his legs shaking, was able to trundle that fat and frightened baby over the wet, slimy, unstable log, is hard to explain. Somehow he did do it, half holding, half pushing Baby Sister. Well for both children that their feet were shod with nothing more slippery than their own skin!

They could hear the bear heavily plodding through the underbrush. They dared not look behind; they dared not hurry, for black Death was ambushed in the morass, waiting only a slip.

They scrambled up the hackberry branches. Claude helped Baby Sister into a crotch; she was too little and feeble to climb very high. After he had crawled beside her, he ventured to look back. Yes, the bear was coming. Deliberately he waddled across the road to the log. He mounted the log. He was walking on the log.

"Mamma! mamma!" screamed the frightened baby, "bear fixin' to eat me!"

Claude burst into wails, and cried for his mother too; but in an instant he was shouting with relief, "Look a' there! Look a' there! He done mired up!"

Sure enough, the bridge, that had been none too stout for the two babies, sank under the big bear, and off he swashed into the swamp with a mighty thud and sputter. He heaved and plunged until he got two paws upon the log, but he could do no more; and perhaps he resigned himself to his bathtub, the day not being cold, and his coat being a thick one, since he presently gave over his struggles, and stood passively eying the children with a perfectly gentle and sleepy stare.

Now I know, if Claude did not, that the bear had stopped at Farmer Norman's storehouse, and gluttonously devoured a whole side of "middlings." I feel no sort of surprise at his peaceful ways; he must have been stuffed too full for jumping about much.

But as Claude looked at his mild eyes a wonderful thought came to him: *Was* it the Bad Bear? Bad bears in the stories never pursued any except naughty, "mean" children. And Claude had not been "mean." He had been "toting" Baby Sister home as well as he could; and, while Baby Sister had been "sorter ill like" (which is Arkansas for cross), she had repented, and was running along "good as good." He stared hard at the bear. He was half persuaded that the bear meant to speak. Bears conversed fluently in the stories.

"Please, sir," said Claude, "is you the Good Bear?"

The bear grunted.

"What, sir?" said Claude, with anxious politeness.

"Ur—r—r!" said the bear.

"He p'intedly does favor the circus bear," the little boy reflected—which it is very likely he did, being the circus bear, no less, himself. He had escaped, and was ranging the country, pursued by half a dozen bands of men. Of this Claude was ignorant, but the longer he watched the bear's mild demeanor the more emboldened he grew.

"Please, Mist' Good Bear," said he humbly, "won't you git up and go way? Baby Sister, she are powerful skeered up, and I caynt git her to go by you, no way; and maw's waiting on us——"

He checked his tongue just in time to avoid saying "for dinner," remembering that there was a risk yet that it might be the Bad Bear, and not willing to start such a suggestive and dangerous train of thought. The Bad Bear's favorite dinner was little boy.

Never a word answered the bear. He blinked his eyes, and the muddy water about his flanks began to ripple; that was all.

Impatiently Claude watched him; and now, clear and shrill, the notes of his mother's horn racked the air. They *must* go! He cast about in his mind for a way to propitiate their brute jailer. Sadly he took out his precious cake. The eye of the bear twinkled.

"If you'll please light right out, Mist' Good Bear," said Claude, "I'll give you this. It is a mighty nice cake. I did ben going to give it to maw for Christmas gift; but if you will santer off and let we all git by I'll frow it to you. You needn't be 'fraid I won't frow straight; I always frow corn pone to our dog Mumps—he's a right nice dog and *likes* bears," added Claude eagerly. "Will I frow it, sir?"

The bear grunted and reared himself on his hind legs, ready to catch; indeed, catching "sweeties" was one of his most admired tricks.

Claude raised the cake. How beautiful it looked, with all that white candy on top! He couldn't let it *all* go. "Please, Mist' Good Bear," he stammered, "kin I take one bite—a right little bite?"

And then, taking the bear's grunt for assent, he did venture to nibble one wee morsel before he flung the cake, swift and true, at the great black head. The bear swung his jaws at it, catching it cleverly. And directly, as if he wished to humor such a generous little boy, he made a vast heave and splash, plainly an effort to climb out of the mud. In vain; he was held tight.

Up to this moment Baby Sister had been awestruck into the quiet children keep at first with strangers; but at the commotion she screamed again.

"Taint nare use, Mist' Good Bear," said Claude: "you' plumb mired up, and you caynt holp it. And Baby Sister don't aim to be mean; we'll jest all holler together for folks to come and holp."

The bear seemed of his opinion, for he let out a prodigious howl. Claude screamed his loudest; while Baby Sister yelled like a steam whistle in her renewed terror.

The trees and the distant hills echoed the sounds; the forest was full of wailing reverberations. Again and again, until his small tired throat ached, Claude shouted. Baby Sister cried until she could cry no more; then she sobbed. Had not Claude held her, she would have tumbled out of the tree from sheer exhaustion.

His thin arms burned with the strain.

He knew Baby Sister never could be persuaded to walk past the bear, of which he now felt no fear, and it was impossible to carry her. It did not enter the loyal little heart to escape without her; there was nothing to do but to keep calling for help. His voice grew faint, and the tears of mingled weariness and pain were streaming down his cheeks, but he called again, "Maw! maw! oh maw, do come and holp Mist' Good Bear and me!"

But no one came. *Did* no one come? Hark! Away to the left rang the Arkansas pig call, "Whoop—ee—ee! whoop—ee—ee!"

"Here me! Here me!" shrieked Claude.

But his shriek was not much louder than a whisper when young Mr. Crosby galloped furiously through the brush.

You can imagine that gentleman's amazement at the sight, the babes in the wood at one end of the log, the bear at the other. He was not the man, however, to lose his head. He uttered a loud exclamation; but even as he opened his mouth for it, the lasso at his saddle bow whizzed through the air and circled above Mr. Good Bear's neck. It settled; it tightened. "Oh, please don't hurt him!" pleaded Claude; "*it's* the *Good* Bear."

Well, whether it was in very truth the Good Bear, or whether his meal at Farmer Norman's had made him amiable, or whether, finally, he was cowed by his slimy prison, certain it is he was as docile as possible.

Colonel Ormond rode close behind Mr. Crosby. He rolled another log up for the bear, and the bear clambered on it, after a deal of struggling and pulling. Safe on the shore, he put his head down and followed the horses like a dog. When they took the bear away—not before, you may be sure, the same kindly log had bridged the mud for the bear's fellow-prisoners—Claude called out warmly, "Thank you, Mist' Good Bear. I wish you well, sir."

Later in the day he told Mr. Crosby and Colonel Ormond the whole story, while Mr. Crosby told Claude how they had safely returned Mr. Good Bear to his circus home.

"Did he ben lost?" inquired Claude with deep sympathy. "Pore Mist' Good Bear!"

"Yes," Mr. Crosby answered, "he was lost, and the circus people felt so bad that they offered a reward of fifty dollars for his capture, unhurt. And Colonel Ormond and I"—here he took a banknote out of his purse and turned to Mrs. Wild, who had been all this while in a state of extraordinary agitation, at one moment sobbing over the children's peril, at another hugging them into a smothered bunch together because they had been so good—"Colonel Ormond and I, madam, are convinced that your boy caught the bear, really, and should have the reward. Because if he had not kept the brute in the mud, he was making for the river, which most probably he would have swum; and there is no knowing where he would have stopped, or how many people he would have killed. So here is the money and our congratulations on your brave little son."

It was of no use for Mrs. Wild to protest; they were determined, and at last she yielded with tears of gratitude. But one thing the mother could not help saying. "Evangeline done well, too," she replied to Colonel Ormond's praises of Claude.

"Me good now!" Baby Sister agreed, smiling sweetly.

Claude also had his own little comment: "Say, Mist' Crosby," he interposed eagerly at the first pause, "the bear he wouldn't have hurted nary; he ben the Good Bear!"

Who knows? Perhaps he was. In any event, Claude has no doubts. He is busy at present collecting a store of walnuts and pecans against the next coming of the circus, when he hopes to see his friend and present his gifts.

"'Cause I love Mist' Good Bear!" says Claude.

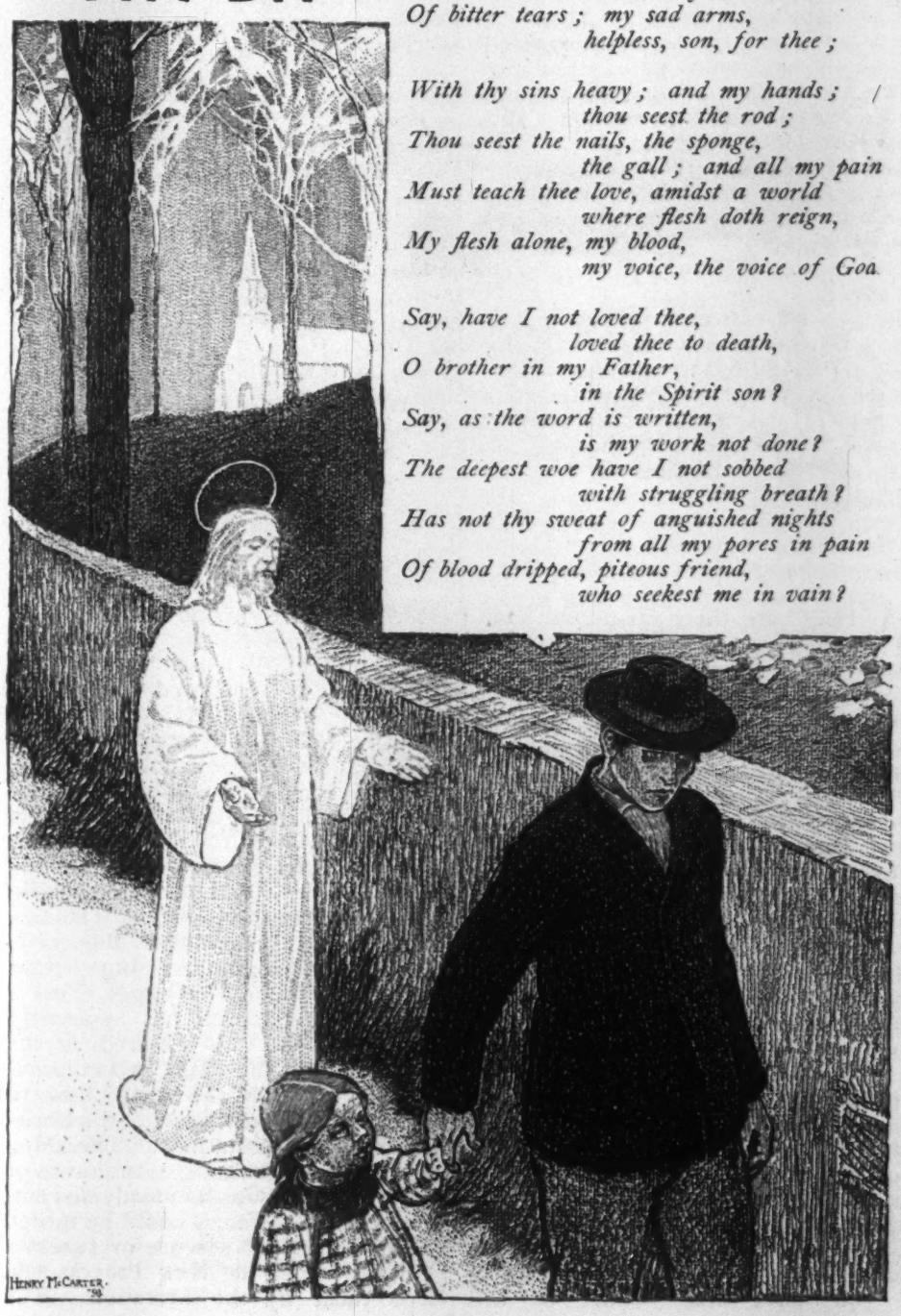
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The poem on the opposite page, from the French of Paul Verlaine, is printed by special arrangement from "Silverpoints," by John Gray (Elkin Matthews & John Lane, London, 1893). It has been specially illustrated for this magazine by Henry McCarter.

MON DIEU M'A DIT:...

God has spoken: Love me,
son, thou must; Oh, see
My broken side; my heart,
its rays refulgent shine;
My feet, insulted, stabbed,
that Mary bathes with brine
Of bitter tears; my sad arms,
helpless, son, for thee;

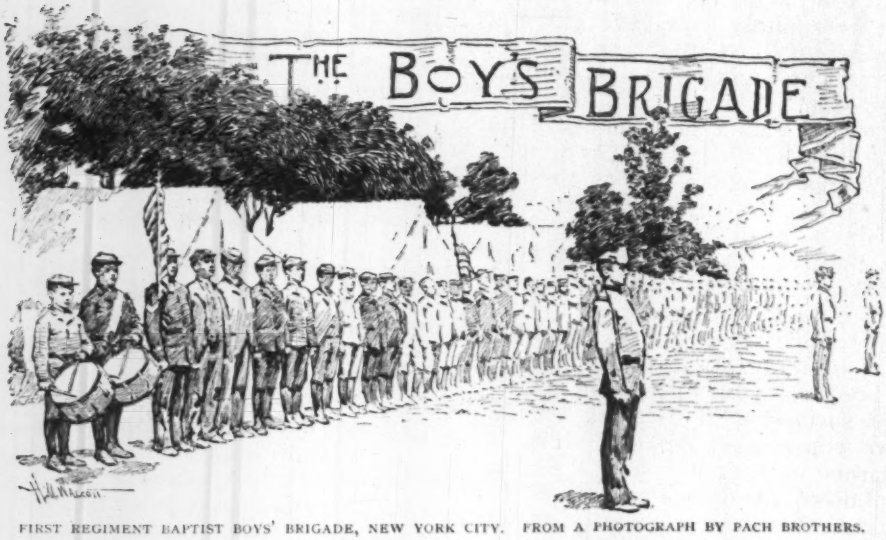
With thy sins heavy; and my hands;
thou seest the rod;
Thou seest the nails, the sponge,
the gall; and all my pain
Must teach thee love, amidst a world
where flesh doth reign,
My flesh alone, my blood,
my voice, the voice of God.

Say, have I not loved thee,
loved thee to death,
O brother in my Father,
in the Spirit son?
Say, as the word is written,
is my work not done?
The deepest woe have I not sobbed
with struggling breath?
Has not thy sweat of anguished nights
from all my pores in pain
Of blood dripped, piteous friend,
who seekest me in vain?



MANLINESS IN BOYS—BY A NEW PROCESS.

By Professor Henry Drummond.



FIRST REGIMENT BAPTIST BOYS' BRIGADE, NEW YORK CITY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

WHAT are these creatures shambling up the street? These are two message-boys. And who is that troglodyte roosting on the railing? That is Drake's boy, waiting on Peel's boy and Smellie's boy. Why does he wait? Because he never travels alone; secondly, because he has infinite time. Do they shake hands when they meet? No; Drake's boy puts out his foot and trips up Peel's boy. What does Peel's boy do? He rises in haste and smites him with a leg of mutton. Are they now enemies? No; these are proofs of attachment. After brandishing the leg of mutton, they sit down to discuss the universe—i.e., the street, the pantomime, and one Kidd, a pirate.

Why does Smellie's boy go off by himself and yell? If he did not do that he would burst. He does not know he is yelling. Why does he lay down his basket and dance? Hush; do not betray him! All boys do that when they are alone. Does he look ashamed if you see him? No; boys never look anything. Will he come to if you leave him? Yes; he will whistle presently, and calm down. How much does he get for this? A dollar and a half a week.

This boy is accounted for by the Evolution Theory. His father was Primitive Man. It is only being in a town and his mispronunciation that make you think he is not a savage. What he represents is Capacity; he is clay, dough, putty. This boy cannot as yet walk straight, or dress better, or brush his hair. He is not good. He is not bad. He has no soul. He has not even soap. He is simply Boy, pure, unwashed, unregenerate Boy. Can anything be done for him? Yes, a very great invention has appeared: it is known to the initiated as the "B.B." Until the "B.B." was discovered, scarcely anyone knew how to make a man, a gentleman, and a Christian out of a street boy. The thing had happened, perhaps, as a chance or sport, but there was no steady machinery for it. Specimens could be turned out at the rate of a score or two in a year, but under the New Process you have them by the battalion. The

street boy of the close of the nineteenth century, in fact, will soon become a tradition.

Like all really great inventions, the New Process is very simple. It rises naturally out of a process already in use, or rather in uselessness, for the Old Process rarely effected anything. Let us suppose you have gathered a number of boys together, and treat them at first on the old or time-dishonored plan of having a Bible-class for them on Sundays. Infinite trouble and infinite bribery have brought these creatures together, and as they come solely to amuse themselves, your whole effort is spent in keeping order—in quelling riots, subduing irrelevant remarks, minimizing attacks upon the person, and protecting your Sunday hat from destruction. No boy—I am not speaking of an ordinary Sunday-school class, but of a *gamin* class—has yet succeeded in listening to you for two consecutive minutes. They have learned nothing whatever. Respect is unknown, obedience a jest. Even the minor virtues of regularity, punctuality, and courtesy have not yet dawned upon their virgin minds. What is wrong is that they are street-boys, and you have treated them as if they had the motives and interests of domestic-boys. The real boy-nature in them has never been consulted. You may be a very remarkable man, but it is not their kind of remarkableness, so you are a person of no authority in their eyes. They believe you to be a thoroughly good fellow in your way, only it is an earth's diameter from their way ; and that you should know precisely what their way is, they guilelessly give you opportunity of learning every single second you spend among them.

One night, after the usual *émeute*, you retire from the place of torture vowing to attempt some change. Next morning you betake yourself to the Headquarters of the New Process, and determine to explore its secret. The whole art and mystery of making Boys is explained to you ; the whole process of cleaning, restoring, renovating them ; of clothing them and putting them into a right mind ; of giving them a sound body and a reasonable soul. And at your preparation-hour, the following Saturday night, instead of trying to find out whether the Israelites crossed the Red Sea by the shoals at Suez or went round, "as some say," by Wady Tawarik, you read up the literature of the "B.B." and learn how the children of your own city can be led across the more difficult sea of life's temptations.

When you faced your Boys the next night, the New Process bursting within you, they discerned at a glance that something was going to happen. To be sure, a carefully-planned mutiny was to come off that night, but the look of you arrests them, and they delay hostilities to give you one more chance. You confide to them that next Thursday evening you are going to secure a hall, and if they will meet you there at eight o'clock, they will spend the most wonderful night of their lives. Yourself and a friend are going to tell them all about Drill, and teach them exactly how it is to be done. You promise, moreover, by-and-by, to bring caps and belts, which they may have for a few cents, and hint that in time a haversack may be entertained, and a band, and stripes, and prizes, and even a rifle, which, though warranted not to go off, will yet be a weapon of no mean calibre. After a few other details of an equally enticing nature the mine is fairly sprung, and with a very brief postscript on the Israelites you bring to a triumphant close the first successful class-meeting in your experience.

Next Thursday, strange contrast to all Sunday precedents, every Boy is on the spot at the hour. Instead of the wandering, bored look, every eye is transfixed on the brown-paper parcel which, with newly-acquired cunning, you have labelled "Accoutrements" —not that they know the word, but they feel sure it is something military. After capping and belting them and standing them up in a row, you proceed to business. You do not start off with the old injured Sunday air, "Now, Boys, behave yourselves." There are no Boys in the room. These are Privates, full Privates. You do not cringe

before them and beg and implore attention. You pull yourself together and shout out that last word, "'Ten-shun," like an explosion, and the very change of accent to the last syllable paralyzes the whole row into rigid statues. Following up this sudden advantage you keep them moving—marching, halting, marking time, and doubling, till they are dropping with fatigue. What liberties you take this blessed night! No lion-king making his wild beasts jump through hoops could be prouder

RECRUITS.

again kicks Two of the front rank, he will be put into a dungeon. Any private absent from drill next Thursday will be branded as a deserter, while unwashed hands will be a case for a court-martial.

Amazing and preposterous illusion! Call these Boys, *Boys*, which they are, and ask them to sit up in a Sunday-class, and no power on earth will make them do it; but put a fivepenny cap on them and call them soldiers, which they are not, and you can order them about

FIRST DRILL.

TWO MONTHS AFTER.

DRAWN FROM LIFE AT THE MOTT STREET DRILL ROOM, COMPANY B., FIFTH REGIMENT, B.B.B., U.S.A.

of himself. You order them about like an emperor. You criticise their hands, their faces, their feet—even their boots—without a murmur of dissent. Number Five's hair is pilloried before the whole Company, and he actually takes it as a compliment. Eleven's coat has a tear across the breast which is denounced as unmilitary, and he is ordered to have it repaired on penalty of the guardroom. If Three of the rear rank till midnight. The genius who discovered this astounding and inexplicable psychological fact ought to rank with Sir Isaac Newton. Talk of what can be got out of coal-tar or waste-paper! Why, you take your boy, your troglodyte, your Arab, your *gamin*, on this principle, and there is no limit to what you can extract from him or do with him. Look at this quondam *class*, which is to-night a

Company. As class it was confusion, depression, demoralization, chaos. As Company, it is respect, self-respect, enthusiasm, happiness, peace. The beauty of the change is that it is spontaneous, secured without heart-burn, maintained without compulsion. The Boy's own nature rises to it with a bound; and the livelier the specimen, the greater its hold upon him.

Such in ideal form is the New Process. The actual story of the Brigade itself is soon told. It is well known that not alone the *gamin*, but many Boys of the working class, will submit to almost no parental authority. They are done with school before any habits of self-control are formed; and being now wage-earners, they become independent, and grow up untamed, unprincipled, and lawless. What they need first of all is *discipline*. Now, it so happens that there is one form of discipline which is not only the most thorough conceivable, but which is actually congenial to boy-nature; for *military organization* in every shape and form, Boys have a natural aptitude. It occurred, therefore, to a Scotch Volunteer Officer who took part in the work of a large Sunday-school to utilize this, in the hope of securing a finer and more spontaneous discipline among his senior Boys. By banding them into a military Company for week-day drill, he thought he could teach them valuable lessons—obedience, reverence, patience, manliness, neatness, punctuality—without their being directly conscious of it, and almost in the form of an amusement. Drill—not mere playing at soldiers, but regulation drill in its most thorough forms—was instituted, and kept up during a whole winter. At the end of the experiment the result was successful beyond expectation. The school was transformed, discipline was perfect, manners were acquired, the physical bearing was improved, the moral character was strengthened, and the foundations of religious principles laid. Other Companies were speedily formed in the neighborhood on the model of the first. The idea was gradually taken up in one district after another, and the movement spread throughout the country.

Yet when this conception first took shape ten years ago in the hands of Mr. William A. Smith, of the 1st Lanark Rifles, Glasgow, not the most sanguine convert to the method could have foreseen the extraordinary success which was speedily to greet it. But its simplicity, its sanity, and its sheer practicalness commended it at once to many who were interested in Boys, and the organization of the Brigade soon overran Great Britain. The following table will show at a glance the progress of the movement, from the formation of the first Company in October, 1883, to the end of 1893. The figures do not include the Companies now formed in foreign countries, which though affiliated with the Brigade, are not under its control:—

Year.	Number of Companies.	Number of Officers.	Number of Boys.
1884.....	1	3	30
1885.....	5	20	268
1886.....	44	136	1,999
1887.....	124	385	6,116
1888.....	220	706	10,388
1889.....	318	1,023	14,372
1890.....	394	1,250	16,752
1891.....	418	1,301	17,259
1892.....	490	1,618	21,002
1893.....	594	2,025	26,033

Of course the membership of the Brigade is not confined to message-boys, and certainly not to the type of message-boy libellously described above. Nor has it anything to do, as is sometimes supposed, with shoe-blacks, or newspaper boys, or street vendors, as such. Its *clientèle* is the boy-world generally; but its work chiefly lies among the artisan, apprentice, and errand-boy section of the community. Though the machinery of the organization is specially valuable in dealing with the ruder class of Boys, it has also a function for the sons of the respectable working classes, and these probably—and particularly in the country districts—now form the rank and file of the Brigade. No Boy is admitted under the age of twelve, nor are any allowed to remain beyond seventeen. The latter limit has been found in practice to involve some hardship, for Boys get so fond of their Company that they have almost to be drummed out at the last. But the rule

is necessary, for the Brigade is only designed to operate on a Boy during a specific part of his development, and he is supposed to be handed over, when that is complete, to the Church, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Church Guilds, or some kindred organization.

The Brigade, in fact, is partly meant to supply the missing link between these institutions and the ordinary Sunday-school. As soon as a Boy becomes a wage-earner, and breathes the free air of street or workshop, the Sunday-school ceases to hold him, and without something to bridge the interval between school life and the educative and religious associations for young men, he would either be lost or spoiled before these could throw their meshes round him. It is in this respect more perhaps than in any other that the Boys' Brigade is to be welcomed to a place among the staple institutions of a Christian civilization. If those higher institutions are not large enough or elastic enough or attractive enough to receive and hold the veterans who pass out of the ranks of the Boys' Brigade, they must either do better, or give place to some organization which will. The crop of reserves is scarcely large enough yet to test the capacity of the older institutions, but it will be unpardonable if these do not rise to the opportunity and provide a worthy asylum for the young lives which must soon be drafted in increasing numbers from the shelter of the Brigade. There need be little doubt, however, that this will be done.

One feature of the Brigade organization must greatly simplify the solution of this vital after-problem. Every Company is at present directly or indirectly connected with some existing local Christian institution—church, chapel, mission hall, or Bible-class. This very wise condition was laid down at the start of the movement, and it has not only given it exceptional stability, but kept it in touch with the Christian life of the country and with the Church itself. In England the Companies are mainly connected with the Church of England, in Scotland with the Presbyterian Church, and in Ireland with the Church of Ireland, but all the other leading denominations are represented.

For it cannot be too emphatically said that the Boys' Brigade is a religious movement. Everything is subsidiary to this idea. It may not always be brandished before the eyes of the Boys themselves in so many words, and it would not be wholly true to the type of boy-religion to over-advertise it; but at bottom the Boys' Brigade exists for this, and it is never afraid to confess it. On the forefront of its earliest documents stand these words: "The Object of the Boys' Brigade is the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among Boys, and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness." That flag has never been taken down. "A true Christian manliness"—that is its motto; and the emphasis upon the manly rather than upon the mawkish presentation of Christianity has been its stronghold from the first.

Contrary to a somewhat natural impression, the Boys' Brigade does not teach the "Art of War," nor does it foster or encourage the war-spirit. It simply employs military organization, drill, and discipline, as the most stimulating and interesting means of securing the attention of a volatile class and of promoting self-respect, chivalry, courtesy, *esprit de corps*, and a host of kindred virtues. To these more personal results the military organization is but an aid, and this fact is continually kept before the Officers by means of the magazine which is issued periodically from Headquarters, as well as by the official Constitution of the organization. With the Officers, saturated as they are with the deeper meaning of their work, feeling as they do the greatness and responsibility of their commission, it is an idle fear that any should so far betray his trust as to conceal the end in the means. As to the retort that the end can never justify such means, it is simply to be said that the "means" are not what they are supposed. To teach drill is not to teach the "Art of War," nor is the drill-spirit a war-spirit. Firemen are drilled, policemen are drilled, and

though it is true the cap and belt of the Boys are the regalia of another order, it may be doubted whether drill is any more to them than to these other sons of peace. That the war-spirit exists at all among the Boys of any single Company of the Brigade would certainly be news to the Officers, and if it did arise it would as certainly be checked. One has even known Volunteers whose souls were not consumed by enmity, hatred, and revenge; and it is whispered that there are actually privates in Her Majesty's Service who do not breathe out blood and fire. Besides this, what is known in the "Army Red Book" as Physical Drill is more and more coming to play a leading part in Brigade work, and the governing body may be trusted to reduce the merely military machinery to the lowest possible minimum.

The true aspiration and teaching of the Brigade could not be better summarized than in this further quotation from its official literature:—

"Our Boys are full of earnest desire to be brave, true *men*; and if we want to make them brave, true, *Christian* men, we must direct this desire into the right channel, and show them that in the service of Christ they will find the bravest, truest life that it is possible for a man to live. We laid the foundations of the Boys' Brigade on this idea, and determined to try to win the Boys for Christ, by presenting to them that view of Christianity to which we knew their natures would most readily respond, being fully conscious how much more there was to show them after they had been won."

There are at least two points where religious teaching directly comes in. The first is the Company Bible-class. Every Company being connected with some existing Christian organization, the Boys are urged to attend whatever Bible-class exists, and in most cases they do so. But wherever no existing interest is interfered with, the Captains usually provide a class of their own. These special Company classes now number about two hundred, with an average attendance of over four thousand Boys; and that this side of the work is receiving special impulse is plain from the fact that last year saw the birth of over fifty new classes.

In addition to these Sunday-classes, nearly every Company reports an address given at drill on the week-night, with more or less regularity; and each parade, as a rule, is opened and closed with prayer, or even with a short religious service. Once a year also it is becoming an increasing custom for the Companies in populous centres to have a united Church parade, where they attend Divine Service in "uniform," and hear a special sermon from some distinguished preacher.

RECRUITS.

SIX WEEKS AFTER.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

But though this is the foundation of the Brigade, it is by no means the whole superstructure. The Brigade has almost as many departments of activity as a Boy has needs. It is clear, for instance, that, in dealing with Boys, supreme importance must be attached to maintaining a right attitude towards athletics. And here the Brigade has taken the bull by the horns, and formed a special department to deal with amuse-

ments—a department whose express object is to guide and elevate sport, and, by unobtrusive methods, to get even recreation to pay its toll to the disciplining of character.

One or more clubs for football, cricket, gymnastics, or swimming have been formed in connection with almost every Company, and the honor of the Brigade, both physical and moral, is held up as an inspiration to the Boys in all they do. The Captains are not so much above the Boys in years as to have lost either their love or knowledge of sports, and a frequent sight now on a Saturday afternoon is to witness a football match between rival Companies, with the Lieutenant or Captain officiating as umpire. At practice during the week also he will act as coach, and the effect of this both upon the sports themselves and on his personal influence with the Boys, is obvious. The wise Officer, the humane and sensible Officer, in short, makes as much use of play for higher purposes as of the parades, and possibly more. The key to a Boy's life in the present generation lies in athletics. Sport commands his whole leisure, and governs his thoughts and ambitions even in working hours. And so striking has been this development in recent years, and especially among the young men of the larger towns, that the time has come to decide whether athletics are to become a curse to the country or a blessing. That issue is now, and in an almost acute form, directly before society. And the decision, so far as some of us can see, depends mainly upon such work as the Boys' Brigade is doing through its athletic department. Were it for this alone—the elevation of athletics, the making moral of what, in the eyes of those who really know, is fast becoming a most immoral and degrading institution—the existence of the Boys' Brigade is justified a hundred times.

Not content with keeping its eye upon its membership on the athletic field on Saturday, the Brigade in many cases completes its work by superintending the longer trades holiday in midsummer. Summer Camps, lasting for a week at a time, are becoming widely popular, and whole Companies now make arrangements to spend their vacation together in some favorite seaside or country place. The London Battalion has even gone the length of attempting a *Battalion Camp*, and successfully carried out a first experiment last season at Hayling Island, in the neighborhood of Portsmouth; and several other Battalions have successfully carried out the same idea. Anyone who knows how difficult it is for a working lad to carry out a really satisfactory holiday on his own account will appreciate the value of this addition.

Another very interesting department is Ambulance work. Courses of lectures by competent medical men are given to the Boys, through which they receive plain instruction in the "Laws of Health," "First Aid to the Injured," and "Stretcher Drill." These courses have been eagerly taken advantage of wherever they have been tried, and in the great majority of cases the pupils have satisfactorily passed an examination at the close. Last year in the Glasgow Battalion alone over two hundred Boys passed the St. Andrew's Ambulance examination. It has happened on more than one occasion, on the football field, that the Ambulance Boys were able to be of immediate and valuable assistance. In one case they set a broken leg with such skill as not only to earn the compliments of the medical staff of the hospital, but to ensure a very rapid recovery on the part of the patient. In another street accident, where a workman was seriously cut by the falling upon him of a plate-glass window, a Brigade Boy stepped out of the crowd, and with a stone and his pocket-handkerchief stopped the bleeding just in time to save the sufferer's life. Three cases are now authenticated of Brigade Boys having been the direct means of saving life by knowing how to stop the bleeding of an artery.

Reading and Club-rooms have also been formed by some Companies, and are proving a valuable social and educational influence. No doubt these will spread as the Brigade gets older, for it is the policy of the Executive to

leave no region of a Boy's life unprovided for, and in many city districts some such refuge from the streets, or even from unhappy homes, is a necessity.

One of the best devices to pre-occupy leisure hours is the formation of instrumental bands. Few of the recent developments of the Brigade have met with more success than this, and a taste for music has been widely spread among the Boys. The number of bands on the roll is already over a hundred and fifty, with 2,622 performers. Of the total more than one-half are composed of flutes, about a dozen of pipes, seven or eight of bugles, while many have attained to the dignity of the full Brass Band. This new interest added to individual lives is material gain, while the enjoyment to the Company and even to a wider circle, is great. That the music furnished by these bands is not mere noise, is shown by the fact that the civic authorities in at least one great centre have given the Boys' Brigade bands a place in their summer programme for music in the public parks.

These, however, are only a few of the more formal and public developments of the Boys' Brigade work. Behind all lies the supreme moulding force—the personal influence, example, and instruction of the Officers—manifesting itself in directions and in ways innumerable and varied, and in results which can never be tabulated. There is no limit to what a good Officer can do for his Boys. He is not only their guide, philosopher and friend, but their brother. In distress, in sickness, they can count upon him. If they are out of work, or wish to better themselves in life, they know at least one man in the world to whom their future career is a living interest. In short, throughout life they have someone to lean upon, to be accountable to, to live up to. He, on his part, has something to live for. He is the Pastor of Boys; and, if he is the right man, of their homes. Great and splendid is this conception — that every Boy should have a brother, that every home a friend; not missionary, not ministering spirit, not even woman, but man, a young man, himself in the thick of the fight and helping others, not because he is above them, but because the same powder-smoke envelops both.

A SENTINEL.

DRAWN FROM LIFE AT THE NINTH REGIMENT ARMORY SCHOOL FOR OFFICERS.

That a movement of this order should spread beyond the British Islands, was a foregone conclusion. Here and there were found men who fell in love with the idea, and, seeing its adaptability to any soil, sought to realize it in different parts of the world. In South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, it has found at least some footing. In the British West Indian Islands of St. Vincent, Barbadoes, and Grenada, it has met with such success that, as a correspondent on the spot assures us, "Our island is now encircled by Companies of the B.B." The Boys' Brigade in Canada closed its last year with about thirty Companies on the roll, and a membership of nearly one thousand Boys. As the new Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Aberdeen, has been for years the President of the organization in the old country, we may expect a large increase upon these figures in the near future.

But next to Great Britain, it is to America that the promoters of the Boys' Brigade look with the greatest pride and hope. In not a few centres the movement has broken out within the last year or two with all the violence of an epidemic, and, if wisely guided, it will probably sweep the country before the century ends. Though no prophet of the movement has visited America in its interest, the growth being up to this time entirely sporadic and spontaneous, the Companies in the United States already number over two hundred and fifty, spread over twenty States. The most remarkable development is that of San Francisco, where the Companies are as strong as they are numerous, and

captained with great enthusiasm and ability. This summer no fewer than four hundred Boys turned out to the Summer Camp alone, travelling one hundred and twenty-eight miles to reach their ground at Pacific Grove. Of course in America such a movement at once called for its special organ, and while in the mother country the only Brigade journal is a quarterly paper for the Officers, two weeklies were speedily started in the United States, the "Courier" and the "Bulletin." These are now incorporated in a single journal, the "Boys' Brigade Courier," which is edited jointly by Mr. E. A. Girvin, of San Francisco, and Charles B. Morrell, M.D., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

One other feature of the New Process it may be worth while to refer to in closing—its cheapness. In Great Britain the total cost of making a Boy is *thirty-one cents*. One object of the movement being to reach the poorest Boy, the patentees of the idea determined that the military uniform should be reduced to its simplest elements, and from the first they set their faces against special clothes, brass buttons, gloves, feathers, epaulettes, and haberdashery of all kinds. The Boys of the Brigade are in no sense to be made either into soldiers or cadets, and just exactly as much of the military regalia is allowed as will sustain the broad suggestion. It is astonishing what smartness can be given to a Company of Boys by a cap (costing ten cents) and a belt (costing twenty-one cents), especially with the addition—both allowed and encouraged—of the white haversack (costing nine cents more), slung from the shoulder. In America, as will be seen from the accompanying illustrations, the Brigade has gone in for a more elaborate equipment; but the wisdom of this, even in the changed conditions of the United States, is not quite so clear as one would like. The cheaper the Process, the more easy it is, the more natural, the less risk of its going wrong, the better on the whole for the Boy, and the greater the chance of its reaching the class which needs it most. As to guns, these are not used at all in Britain in the early days of a Company; but as Boys both love change and require it,

CHOIR BOYS AT THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, 131ST STREET. COMPANY B., FIRST REGIMENT, B.B.B., U.S.A.

when these are introduced at a later stage they are simply models costing about a dollar. The guns are generally presented to the Company by friends, and are Company's property; but the cap and belt are bought by the Boy himself. The drilling is done in any empty room or hall; very generally in the Church parlors, which in the Old Country are uncarpeted and never so sumptuous as they are in America. Where the only available rooms are the Church parlors, it is an easy matter to detail a corporal and two or three privates each drill-night to do "fatigue duty" by lifting the carpet and laying it again at the close; and if the Church managers in exceptional cases object to this performance, they may be reminded of a remark made the other day at a B.B. meeting in Boston, that "a yard of Boy is worth fifty yards of carpet."

Many of the prime movers in this new cause are men who have been almost strangers to such work before. But they saw here something definite, practical, human; something that they could begin upon without committing themselves to positions which they had

not quite thought out, something which could utilize the manlier elements in them, and give them a useful life-interest outside themselves. Thus through the instrumentality of the Brigade, not only have multitudes of Boys in town and country been brought under a *régime* morally and physically educative, but numbers of influential young men, including a great many Volunteers, have found themselves for the first time enlisted in the cause of social and religious progress. For a real field of honest usefulness, a field where the tools required are simply the stronger and better elements in Christian manhood, there is probably nothing open just now to laymen which has in it anything like the same substance and promise as this.

The Headquarters of this unique and important organization are in Glasgow, Scotland. Its affairs are arranged by an Executive Committee consisting of the Brigade President, Secretary, Treasurer, and five representative members from the leading Battalions in other parts of the United Kingdom. This body is elected annually by the Brigade Council, composed of all Officers commanding Companies, so that the whole movement is self-controlling, compact, and united. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the Vice-Patron, and many prominent men are among the Vice-Presidents. The Brigade Secretary is always ready to send full particulars to any who may write to him. An ample literature is now on the shelves at Headquarters, so that asking questions will cause no trouble. The address is—The Brigade Secretary, 68 Bath Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

NOTE.—Doctor Charles B. Morrell, Central Secretary of the Boys' Brigade in the United States, and editor of the "Boys' Brigade Courier," was requested by the editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE to add a note to Professor Drummond's article, giving some account of the growth and strength of the organization in this country; and he kindly furnishes the following: "The first company was organized, with slight modifications of the plan of the founder, by the Reverend John Quincy Adams, the national president, in San Francisco, California, December 9, 1890. The success of this company led to the formation of fifty more in the immediate vicinity, and ultimately to the organization of a national executive body, deriving authority from the parent body in Great Britain. The Reverend Howard H. Russell, then of Kansas City, Missouri, organized a company in his church, and conducted it successfully until he was called to the pastorate of the Armour Mission in Chicago. Here he organized seven companies which he called the Boys' Army. None of these was organized on the plan of the Glasgow organization, Mr. Russell being at the time not familiar with that. Again the practical results of the work gained it a hearing, and other companies were formed in churches in Chicago. Later Mr. Russell conformed his plan and united his companies to the national body.

"In Cincinnati, Ohio, the first company was formed by the Reverend A. M. Dawson, of the Poplar Street Presbyterian Church. The Reverend Johnston Myers, of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, on his return from a trip to Europe, brought the literature of the British organization, and set up six companies on a modified plan. These companies rapidly grew, and were placed in charge of Doctor Charles B. Morrell. Companies were formed in Detroit to the number of fourteen. They were until quite lately unattached, but are now, with few exceptions, a part of the national organization. From these beginnings the growth has been very rapid. Companies have sprung up in all parts of the country to such an extent that the work has attracted universal notice, and pulpit and press have given all sides of the subject great attention. The result has been practically the same in all cases. The opponents have been brought face to face with the evidence in the form of practical results. The boys have been elevated and educated. Sunday schools and reading-rooms hitherto empty have been filled, and the influence on the boy world has been so overwhelmingly for the better that the work has gone on.

"During the last year the question of denominational relations has been given some attention; and two denominations, the Baptist and the Methodist, have given the work the official sanction of their highest bodies, have ordered the preparation of literature and supplies, and have incorporated the work as a part of their regular curriculum.

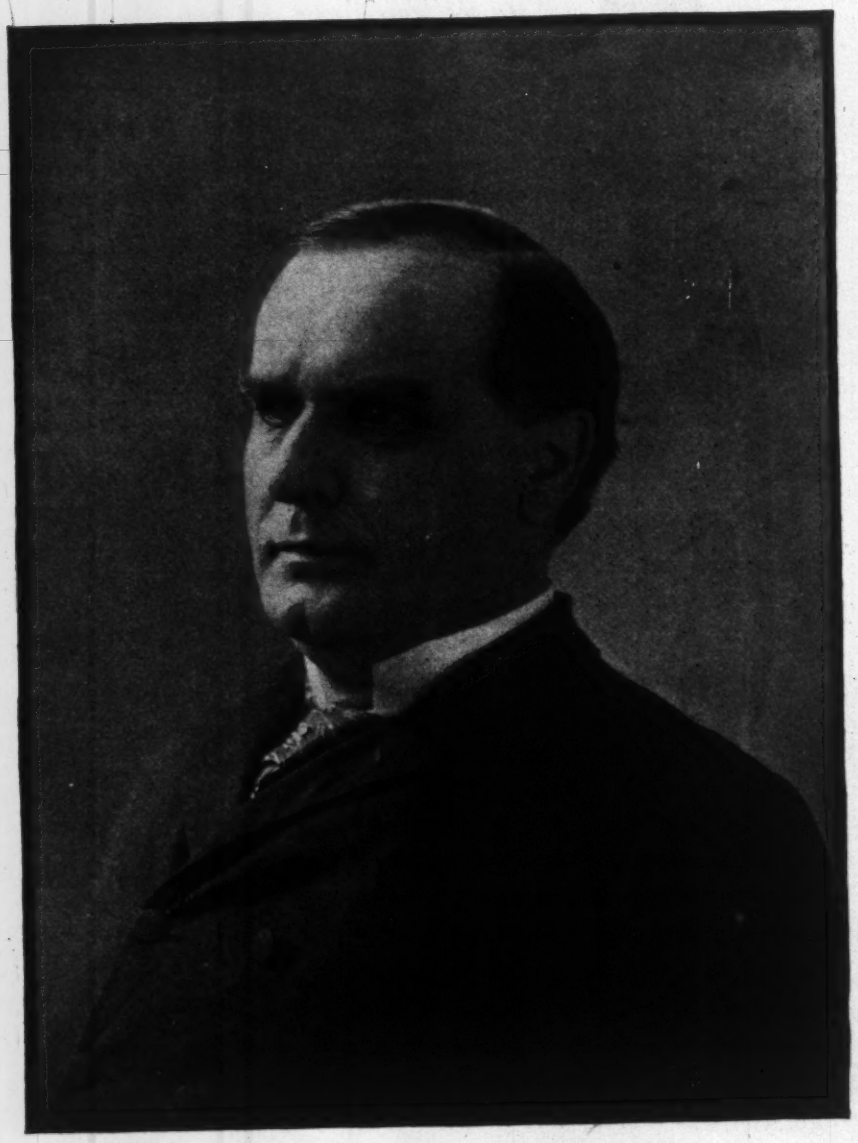
"The present strength of the Brigade in the United States can only be estimated, the report for 1893 having not yet been completed; but it will not fall far short of five hundred companies enrolled and unattached. The national organization has recently been reformed and strengthened by the addition of a board of national councillors. The movement is represented by a national organ, 'The Boys' Brigade Courier,' a sixteen-page monthly paper, and the literature is now in shape for splendid work in the future. The growth in the past has been rapid, but the promise for the future is even greater, and the work in the United States is evidently destined to become a very important factor in the religious and moral training of the boy."

The Bull Team

THE sturdy bull, with stately tread,
Submissive, silent bows his head
And feels the yoke; the creaking wain
Rolls leisurely across the plain:
Across the trackless, treeless land,
An undulating sea of sand
Where mocking, sapless rivers run,
With swollen tongue and bloodshot eye,
Still on to where the shadows lie,
And onward toward the setting sun.

WITH tearful eyes he looks away
To where his free-born brothers play
Upon the prairie wild and wide;
He turns his head from side to side;
He feels the bull-whip's cruel stroke;
Again he leans against the yoke.
At last his weary walk is done,
He pauses at the river's brink,
And drinks the while his drivers drink,
Almost beside the setting sun.

CY WARMAN.



Yours Very Truly
Wm McKinley

GOVERNOR WILLIAM McKINLEY.

WHAT HE IS AND WHAT HE STANDS FOR. A CHARACTER STUDY.

By E. Jay Edwards.

GOVERNOR McKINLEY was chosen a Representative in Congress when thirty-three years of age; at fifty his name represents a principle of government which appeals to millions. That is an honor which has been the lot of no Congressman since David Wilmot gained it. The youth who stood before the Speaker pale, slender, almost of timid suggestion, but of such dignity of countenance and manner as caused to be fixed upon him the eyes of the veterans of Congress when he took the oath, became, seventeen years later, the protagonist of a principle not boldly avowed until he did it. He has compelled his countrymen to accept his name as a synonym for a policy which touches the core of American institutions. Clay has been called the father of the protective system, although Hamilton was that. Judge Kelly was for thirty years its special guardian; Mr. Morrill applied the principle with wondrous skill when framing the war tariff; but McKinley cast its apologies and its disguises away, and came forth, true to his early inspiration, to proclaim it the American principle, to be avowed, defended, and made triumphant for its own sake. In 1877 he was for a protective *tariff;* in 1888 he flung qualification to the winds, and stepped to the front the champion of protection of and for itself. And he put his party, till then hesitating, upon that radical foundation; made Congress his servant, so that it spread upon the statute books, for the first time, a law which was a tariff for protection, and not merely a protective tariff.

Two years later, when the American people seemed to have repudiated his work with overwhelming indignation, he furnished as fine an inspiration of courage and faith as we have ever seen, when his voice rang clear in that tempest of defeat, and bade his party hold fast and steady its lines. There were sneers and flippant jests for him, but he seemed to have the faith of the Covenanters whose blood runs in his veins. There gathered about him, in his hotel parlor, in a great Eastern city, at that time, men of his party, some complaining, many timid, seeming almost ready to turn half backward on the party's record. He listened to them calmly, patiently, till they were done, and then said, "My friends, be firm. This is only a cross current, a chop sea; the tide of truth flows surely on beneath." Then these men went away inspired by the faith that was in him, and understanding something of the quality which had made him a man of power. To them, at least, the story of November 7th furnished no occasion for surprise.

It was at the Republican Convention of 1888, that McKinley first made revelation that he could inspire and command as well. The prize that body was to offer, another than he received; but the honors were his. President Cleveland had with lofty courage flung out his banner of defiance of the protective policy, and rallied his party under it. McKinley matched that splendid and passionate challenge, by unfurling in that convention another banner with a new legend: "Protection not an incident, but a right and duty;" and with that inspiration faced his party against the opposition for the battle of November.

Without patronage, without power of any sort except that which is the handmaid of persuasion, he stayed the influence and barred for the time the issue created by the mightiest per-

sonal force in our public life for a generation. He prevailed with Congress as he had with his party's representatives at Chicago, and put upon the statute books a law of which he made proclamation, "This is a tariff for the protection of all things American."

McKinley is better known, and perhaps less understood, than any of those who began public life with him. It is sometimes said that his success was served by chance or circumstance; that his faith is cool calculation, his enthusiasm a simulation, his impressive public manner the posing of an actor, his gravity an affectation of self-praise. But those who have been near him for many years do not speak thus of him. Nor can those who, with something of impartial spirit, make some study of his career, come to such estimation of him.

He went to Congress well equipped. He was of the age which seems best. The great careers have been begun early there. Mr. Blaine has said that the golden age for entering a service in Congress which is to be prolonged, is at the first flush of vigorous manhood. Like McKinley, he was thirty-three when he first went there; and of that age or thereabouts were Garfield and Conkling and Allison and Sherman and Randall and Reed. The House is a jealous mistress. Over its portals should be written, "Ye who enter here must be single in my service." And it was with such purpose that McKinley stepped from the court-room of the country village to that finest of legislative arenas.

Congress was not greatly concerned about the principle which was in McKinley's heart, sound and abiding, when he entered that body. The Government was financing for the resumption of specie payments. Partisanship was still hot and angry over the disputed results of 1876. Frank Hurd had hurled the doctrine of free trade absolute over the heads of his rebuking party in a brilliant speech which made a sensation, but not an impression. Mr. Morrison was hinting at an early necessity for tariff revision. Carlisle was compelling the first tributes of respect for extraordinarily lucid and thorough presentation of financial views. Kelly stood as a grim guard at the gateway of the Morrill tariff. The Republican party was proudly looking forward to that day in 1879 when the Government was to pay its debts in coin and at demand. McKinley entered a Congress absorbed in these matters, and, although one of the youngest of the members, he must have early revealed himself as a man of power, who only awaited experience and opportunity. He was indicated in his second term as the man of all others who should take Garfield's chair in the Ways and Means Committee; and there he remained until, becoming the committee's chairman, he was named by the Speaker leader of the House. He was then only forty-six years of age. No trick of politics, no wielding of men so as to make them play to his purpose, no other quality than intellectual ability and personal strength, could have brought so young a man so swiftly to membership of the most important committee of the House.

His career seems to have been logically indicated when he, a youth not long out of the army, his shingle just swung over the door of a country law-office in Canton, met his opportunity and took it. It is a tradition which his neighbors like to tell, that at that time there came a cunning lawyer to his town, who matched himself against McKinley in debate, and beat him and his feeble argument for protection down by the forceful pleadings of a pronounced free trader; and that then the iron entered McKinley's heart, and he said to a companion, "Hereafter no man shall overcome me so; I know that I am right in this matter, and I know that I can show that I am right by and by." Thenceforth he studied books and men and facts and his country, that he might be fortified in maintaining his principle.

Nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly the serious and earnest quality of his mind than the manner in which he approached this subject. The young lawyer dug down at the roots, and, as he afterwards told the story to a group of friends, he went back to the govern-

ment itself and made his analysis. "Governments are for the protection of person and property. Our own agreement of government, which is the written Constitution, makes specific guarantees, and adds to them the promise of providing for the general welfare of the people. In our declaration of rights there is to be found mentioned an inalienable right, 'the pursuit of happiness.' The right of labor and of labor's best reward is, therefore, not only inalienable, for in it lies the power to pursue happiness; but it is a right protected in terms by the Constitution." That was the groundwork of McKinley's faith, and upon that as a bed-rock principle he built his defences, which Mr. Carlisle has said have been as perfect as it is possible to construct and maintain for the protective principle.

Therefore he was fortified when Judge Thurman, profoundly versed in constitutional law, said one day, "McKinley, where is your constitutional right for protection?" and he replied, "Where was yours when the creator of your party, Jefferson, bought the Louisiana Territory?"

"Ah," said Thurman with ready reply, "that was not unconstitutional but ultra-constitutional."

"Well, then, Senator, if your party can defend the purchase of the Louisiana Territory as an ultra-constitutional act, isn't it straining at a gnat when it denounces protection as an unconstitutional policy? Moreover, I affirm that the Constitution defends and maintains it."

When he made that decision at the debating club where the cunning lawyer met him, McKinley took opportunity at its time. He received conviction then, and made of it a prisoner for life. As he has cherished his faith, it has seemed to those with whom he has been upon terms of intimacy as though it had sometimes opened his eyes so that he has seen wondrous things for our people when this faith becomes triumphant, and is in its perfect flower. That has made him, what his friend Mr. Reed once called him, and what many of his associates in Congress have come to regard him, in some respects the most passionate American, for his patriotism is a genuine passion. Those who travel with him, those who meet him in some place away from his home, have been amazed at his persistent inquiry respecting material things which may suggest a lesson of American prosperity — the railways, their mileage, their traffic, their dividends, their proposed extensions; the mills, what they make, the hands they employ, how the workingmen live, how many comforts and luxuries they possess; the distinctive trade of any city where he happens to be, whether it increases or is being taken away, and why. Of the splendid domain where American agriculture flourishes he will tell men who live upon it more than they know, and then persist in inquiry like a cross-examiner.

Besides possessing the logical mind, Governor McKinley has acquired the habits of patience, industry, and a capacity to submit to drudgery which is fully appreciated only by those who know what the preparation of a tariff bill involves. This is unquestionably an acquired talent; for McKinley, by nature, had some tendency, if not to indolence, at least to easy manner of life. But when he made the proclamation and maintenance of protection his serious business, he knew the dreary drudgery that was before him; he knew that no other policy of government compels such incessant labor, constant watchfulness, wide reading, and all-reaching comprehension of all the energies which go to make American life, as does the mastery of this one.

If McKinley had been seen by the American people when he was engaged in acquiring and applying knowledge, he would have been discovered at his committee rooms sometimes eight or ten hours a day, or in consultation with his committee at his private rooms often until long past midnight. He would have been seen exploring the mysteries of chemistry; reading the reports of trade associations; sometimes with great volumes massed up before him, through which he searched with the penetrating industry of one who compiles history; and in addition to these duties was his occupation upon the floor of the House. Such labor as this is exceeded by that of no lawyer pre-

paring briefs, no physician making research into disease, no merchant in his counting-room ; and it puts to the highest test the capacity of a man for dreary drudgery. The maker of a tariff bill, the faithful member of a Ways and Means Committee, whether he be a protectionist or the opposite, knows his country, and has his finger upon the pulse which beats with the material energy of the world. Therefore McKinley stands proved by the most severe of tests as a man capable of exhaustive and long-continued labor. This quality, combined with the logical habit of his mind as well as his native disposition, has caused him to be esteemed one of the most serious of men. Perhaps it is for this reason that not for him have been those furious and exultant manifestations of popular acclaim which men with more brilliant, dramatic, and splendid personal traits and intellectual display secure. He would never compel a whirlwind of enthusiasm for personal qualities, as did Clay or Douglass, or, of our own time, Mr. Blaine. But he has not failed in these later years to command more permanent tributes.

It has been said that McKinley is no politician in the sense in which that word is commonly employed ; that he has no great command over masses of men, no capacity for playing the game of politics as chess is played, and wielding caucuses, conventions, and communities to serve his purpose. And it is doubtless true that he has, as yet, made no such manifestation as would justify the opinion that he is to be esteemed one of the greater politicians. His single-hearted purpose may have made such a pursuit impossible. That, however, is an endeavor which awaits him in the immediate future, if he is to so take advantage of the position which he now occupies that he may be named by his party as its presidential candidate in 1896. We shall discover whether McKinley is a politician of the higher order in the summer of that year.

Able men have been placed, in the years that are gone, exactly as he now is situated with respect to the presidency. Seward, three years before the Republican convention of 1860, seemed to be preëminently proclaimed his party's candidate. He had formulated its ideal in a single sentence, and he had the wisdom of experience, and the advantage of association with one of the ablest politicians ever developed in our country, Thurlow Weed. At the same time Mr. Lincoln was indicated as a leader of his party. Two years before the convention of 1860 he too had formulated the Republican party faith, and in a series of debates which are now historic had overthrown Douglass, till then the ablest debater of his day. Somewhat similar is McKinley's relation to his party to-day ; and it is doubtless within the truth to say, that, on the morning after the election of November 7th, the thought that was common to the politicians of either party was this : "McKinley is to-day preëminently indicated as his party's candidate." Those are the exact words uttered by two distinguished politicians, Chauncey M. Depew and Wm. R. Grace, one a Republican, the other a Democrat, when the abnormal majority of Ohio for McKinley was reported. But these men knew, as every politician knows, that having secured such advantage as makes a man preëminently indicated so many months before his party's convention meets, there are entailed upon such man the very highest qualities of political skill, in order to gain his party's highest honor. Lincoln displayed them ; Seward made one or two blunders which were fatal. McKinley must for the next three years be peculiarly discreet, and yet show no lack of courage ; he must watch the country, detecting instantly unfavorable alliance or combination, and mass his resources for their overthrow.

In his control of his tariff bill, when he was leader of the House, he revealed the very highest qualities in management of men, and of men mastered by the supreme impulse—that of the pocketbook. A manufacturer, a Democrat, sought him at his rooms one evening, and said to him : "Mr. McKinley, I have been to my member, who is a Democrat like myself, to have him help me get a hearing before your com-

mittee. I have been to my Senator, who is a Democrat, and I have been to others, and they have all failed me. Now I have come to you. I have no claim on you, but I want to ask the privilege of representing my case."

McKinley sat with that man till midnight, listened to his expositions, searched the books and precedents, scrutinized the schedules, and at last said to the manufacturer, who was a stranger to him: "Your claim is just; I thank you for bringing it to me. We should have erred if we had left the schedule as it is. I will see that it is changed."

His simplicity of life and character should serve him in the politician's game. He lives like one who has been bred among the plain people of the land, and has never longed to stray from such association. Those who know him tell many anecdotes that suggest this plain and simple habit. McKinley, walking to the Capitol with a friend, was overhauled by a fellow-Congressman, a Democrat, who, behind a gayly caparisoned team and with a gorgeously liveried driver, hailed McKinley and invited him to ride. McKinley cast a queer glance at the vehicle, and declined, saying in an undertone to his friend: "I should never know how to get into that thing, or, being in, how to get out." The rich man insisted, and McKinley climbed up over the lofty wheels, scrambling like a boy who steals a ride behind; and, being at last seated, received this compliment: "McKinley, people who saw you get in might say you were a better Democrat than I."

"Who is that?" said Henry Irving, looking down from the galleries of the House and indicating McKinley. "He should be a man of intellectual power." And it has seemed to others, who, seeing the House listening to him with the impressive silence which there means highest respect, that, as was said of Chatham, there was something even finer in the man than in the speech he uttered.

It was that quality he revealed when men came to him after the convention of 1888, and again after that of 1892, when he had the presidential nomination almost surely within his grasp, but commanded those who would offer it to be still, because he could not in honor receive it, having gone to those places in behalf of another; and these men told him that he had done as honorable a thing as the story of American politics tells. He looked upon them with amazement, saying simply this: "Is it such an honorable thing not to do a dishonorable thing?"

It has been said that the finest tribute paid by a popular convention was that which he received when he rejected these offers of the nomination. But it has seemed to others that perhaps a gentler, truer measure of esteem was never delivered than when, not long ago, it was revealed that he had lost his little fortune, because he had been so occupied with the nation's business that he had not attended to his own; and there came to him tender messages of sympathy, and with the utmost delicacy contributions sent anonymously lest he should return them saying, "I cannot accept these evidences of your good will." Friends have paid the debts of more than one statesman, but it has never before happened that in time of personal financial distress there have been submitted from all parts of the country silent and anonymous tokens such as these were.

To such a man as these brief hints suggest McKinley to be, it must seem true that the golden rule for such a government as ours is the second of the greater commandments of the Scriptures; and it is easy to understand why he believes that this rule set forth in law by gentle and kindly command compels the common American handclasp, each citizen through the operation of that law giving and every one receiving strength. No dreamer, no theorist, McKinley has yet made of his faith a poem as he tells it; for as he speaks, it seems no longer merely a matter of dreary schedules and hated imposts, but reveals the promise of that most beautiful of conditions, a happy people who may compass greater things than men have dared to dream.

JERUSALEM.

SOME NOTES OF A RECENT JOURNEY.

By Charles A. Dana.

I.

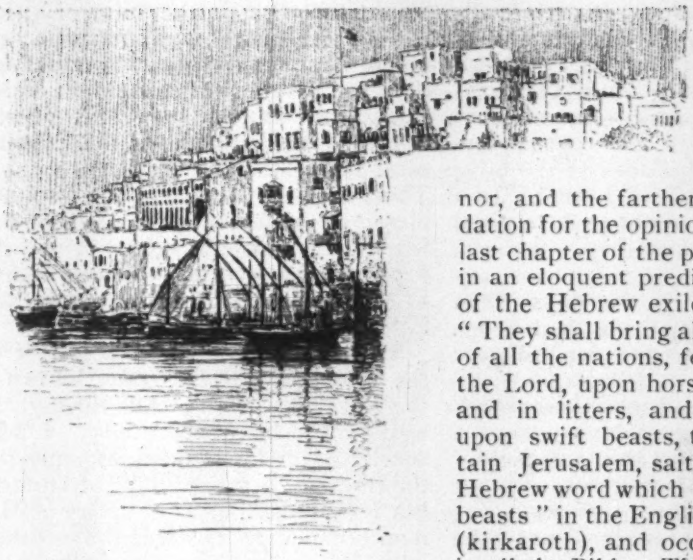
HOW TO GET THERE.

EVERY Christian and every philosophic student of history must desire to see Jerusalem. It was formerly very difficult, and even dangerous, to go there. But now it is safe, easy, and comparatively inexpensive.

There are various roads for the traveller to choose from. He may start from Egypt, and follow the route through the desert of Sinai; or he may land at Beirut, in Central Syria, pass the hills of Lebanon, and proceed southward through the country of Galilee; but each of these involves a long journey on horseback, with a caravan and tents and guards. The simplest and shortest way is through Jaffa, or Joppa, as it was called in St. Paul's time. This is the seaport in the Eastern Mediterranean that is nearest to Jerusalem; and a railway, finished three months ago, bears the traveller directly to his destination. From Constantinople steamers for Jaffa are frequent, and so they are from Alexandria and Port Said, the nearest Egyptian ports. But landing at Jaffa is uncertain. It is an open roadstead, not a sheltered harbor; and between the anchoring ground of ships and the beach, there stretches a long and sharp-edged reef, just rising to the surface of the water; and on a windy day the breakers falling upon it are shattered into foam. In this reef there is a narrow passage, wide enough for a whale-boat; and, once through, there is safety. But the slightest variation from the true line hurls your boat upon the rocks and drowns its passengers. Just before we were there in November, a boat's crew had been destroyed; and usually, if a westerly wind is blowing, steamers will not attempt to land, but carry away the pilgrims to a more distant port and an uncertain destination. But with the increased traffic of Jaffa, it cannot, we suppose, be very long before a safe harbor is built there, and the debarkation of voyagers made safe and comfortable.

After you are well ashore at Jaffa, you have two good ways of reaching Jerusalem. First there is the old carriage road, which has existed for many years, and a very good road it is; and then there is the new railroad. The carriage road is shorter than the railroad, being something like thirty-two miles long, while the railroad is some fifty miles; but it takes twice as much time to get there with a carriage and horses, and it is, of course, much more costly. The railroad is very good, indeed, substantially built by French engineers, with French capital, though the locomotives which I noticed bore the mark of a Philadelphia firm. For some twenty miles the line passes through the fertile and attractive plain of Sharon, that rich and lovely ancient region whose verdant beauty wars and devastations have not extinguished. Then it enters the mountains, and follows the lines of small streams, and

Editor's Note.—The illustrations for this article are from photographs taken by Dr. Edward L. Wilson, who courteously placed his splendid collection at the service of McClure's Magazine. The photographs are copyrighted by Dr. Wilson.



JAFFA.

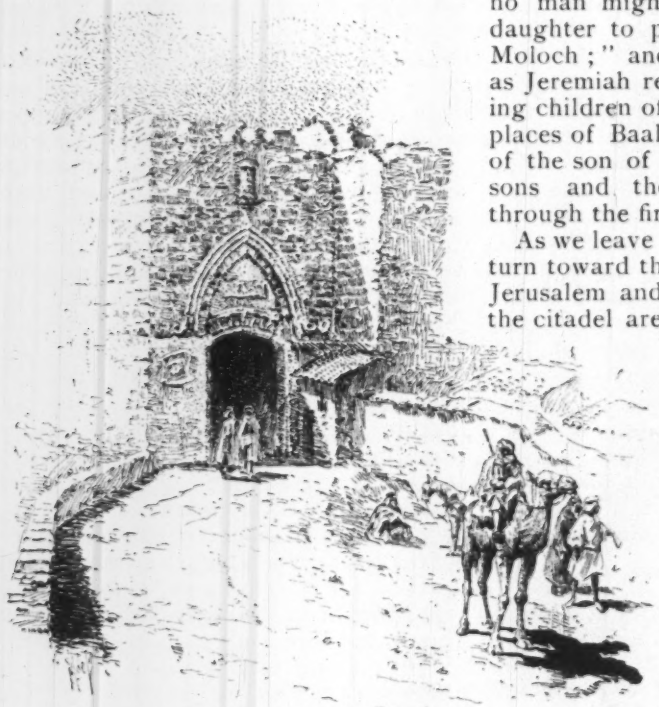
during the remainder of the distance winds about through ravines, especially the Wady Surar and the Wady Bittir. The ascent from the sea to Jerusalem amounts to two thousand four hundred and eighty feet in all. I saw no indications of great difficulties overcome in the engineering. There may be a tunnel or two, though I do not remember any distinctly. The trains now running consist of two second-class carriages and one first-class. These carriages are divided into compartments much like the cars of the Swiss and Italian railways. The first-class seats are not cushioned, but are just like our ordinary cane-seated chairs. There is now one daily train that makes the round trip between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the first-class fare is ten francs. The time of leaving Jerusalem is nine, A.M., and the returning train starts from Jaffa at two, P.M. The running time is about three hours and a half. The language used upon the line by guards and station men is French.

I have been told by my friend Dr. Pereira Mendes, that there is a notion among Oriental Jews that the opening of a railway to Jerusalem must precede the coming of the Messiah. This he heard nearly twenty years ago, when minister of a congregation almost wholly composed of Hebrews from North Africa, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, and the farther East. The foundation for the opinion appears to be the last chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah, in an eloquent prediction of the return of the Hebrew exiles, where we read: "They shall bring all your brethren out of all the nations, for an offering unto the Lord, upon horses, and in chariots, and in litters, and upon mules, and upon swift beasts, to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord." The Hebrew word which is translated "swift beasts" in the English version is כרכרת (kirkaroth), and occurs only this once in all the Bible. The roots of the word are found in II. Samuel vi. 14, where it is applied to the swaying dance of David, and in the common Hebrew word for furnace. Hence the derived meaning, as Dr. Mendes tells me, "a swaying furnace." For the English rendering there is no justification whatever in the sense of the Hebrew word in the text. Some propose to translate it "dromedaries"; but the same prophet, only a few chapters before (lx. 6), uses a totally different word, the accepted equivalent of which is "dromedary." It is certainly neither camels nor asses, for there are well-known Hebrew words regularly used for these. When the English translation was made in King James's time, there was no word to express the Hebrew in this passage; but what more accurate epithet could be applied to a railway locomotive than to call it a swaying furnace? And what more accurate term could the prophet use to describe what he had seen in his vision of the return of the Hebrews by all kinds of conveyances, among them one which he had never beheld in all his experience, but which "swayed" and carried fire? What a picturesque word to describe a train or locomotive in rapid motion!

In passing through the mountains between the plain of Sharon and Jerusalem, the scenery is fine and interest-

ing, though nowhere very extraordinary. In November the mountains were generally red and bare, though wherever there was moisture the grass was green, and the olive trees still bore their foliage. There are frequent terraces, also, along the sides of the hills, and vineyards are planted there. In a good season there ought to be a good crop of wine in the country. But it is not a fertile country by any means, any more than it was in the days when Abraham was obliged, by bad crops and short supplies, to go down to Egypt to escape starving.

The thoughts and emotions which naturally belong to one's arrival at a spot which has played in the history of mankind a part so tremendous, are not much promoted when we reach the Jerusalem Railway terminus, and take in the spectacle which opens upon our eyes. As we gaze around, nothing that we see produces the effect either of antiquity or of sacredness. The station buildings are new, and we see new buildings, both finished and unfinished, with various evidences of modern activity and progress, upon almost every height that rises in the range of vision. All is noise, bustle, and confusion; and unless the traveller has the good fortune to be under the protection of Mr. Cook—and we here record our conviction that for travellers in the East the establishment which bears the name of Thomas Cook & Son is an unmixed blessing—he may even be stirred with fear for his personal safety in the disputes of cab drivers and hotel agents for the possession of his person and luggage.



THE JAFFA GATE AT JERUSALEM.

The terminus is about a mile from the principal western gate, known as the Jaffa gate, which leads through the walls into the ancient city. I have seen it alleged in some newspaper that the terminus is in the valley of Hinnom, but it is a mistake. The valley of Hinnom bounds the western and southern lines of the city wall, but between it and the railway there is a ridge of land whose name I do not remember; and as we cross it in driving toward the town, we look down into that part of the valley where of old the pious King Josiah "defiled Tophet, which is in the valley of the children of Hinnom, that no man might make his son or his daughter to pass through the fire to Moloch;" and where, long afterward, as Jeremiah records, the heaven-defying children of Judah "built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch."

As we leave this ill-famed ravine and turn toward the east, the lofty wall of Jerusalem and the massive towers of the citadel are immediately before us. We are on the outer slope of Mount Zion, the sanctuary and the abode of David! The ponderous blocks which form the lower strata of the wall might have been shaped and put in place by some prehistoric race of giants. More than almost anything else to be found around Jerusalem, or within, this wall bears an appearance of great

antiquity. We can easily believe that its foundations were laid in the time of David, though its upper portions are unquestionably modern. The books vary. One says it was the work of Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century; another, that it was erected much earlier; and my guide, a

BEDOUINS.

most intelligent and well-informed Jew of Hungarian origin, told me it was built by the Crusaders after they had got possession, for the purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the rascally Arabs, who would ride up in small parties, rob some rich family, and be off with their plunder before anything could be done to stop them. But, however this may be, the wall, from sixteen to twenty feet in height, fully encloses the town; and, although it could soon be knocked to pieces by a ten-pounder cannon, it stands in good order, solid enough for all peaceful purposes, and perfectly separates the city from the country about it.

While you are gazing at the old wall, your carriage moves along, and presently you find yourself stepping out at the door of your hotel, and it is on Mount Zion!

Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth,
Is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
The city of the great King!
Walk about Zion, and go round about her;
Tell the towers thereof.
Mark well her bulwarks,
Consider her palaces:
That ye may telf it to the generation following.
For this God is our God forever and ever:
He will be our guide even unto death!

II.

THE CITY ITSELF.

As we get a complete view of Jerusalem and begin to understand it, the first impression is surprise at its evident prosperity, due, as we presently understand, to the sums of money spent by the great and increasing mass of pilgrims who habitually resort there; and then we are even more surprised at the smallness of the place. It can never have been what would be called a large town; and Dr. W. M. Thomson, the author of "The Land and the Book," who examined the question very carefully some fifteen years ago, is convinced that in the time of its greatest glory it was never much larger than it is now. The actual present length of the wall which encloses the city, according to Dr. Thomson, is about two miles and a half, measuring the whole of the four sides; and the greatest length which he attributes to it in ancient times is a mile and a half from north to south, with an average breadth of half a mile from west to east, making the enclosed area something like two hundred and ten or two hundred and fifteen acres. Josephus also gives the total measurement of the walls before their destruction by Titus, at thirty-three furlongs, or a little over four miles. Roughly speaking, then, Jerusalem in its highest splendor was not larger than the area of the Central Park below the reservoir. Moreover, this limited space has always been diminished by the extent of the area levelled and walled, set apart of old for the Temple, and still held sacred by the Turkish authorities against the erection of ordinary buildings. This area contains, I should suppose, from thirty to thirty-five acres. It is the one conspicuous green spot in Jerusalem. It is covered with grass and

adorned with trees; and the only buildings on it are the glorious and beautiful Mosque of Omar, the Mosque of Aksa, and one or two other dependent structures.

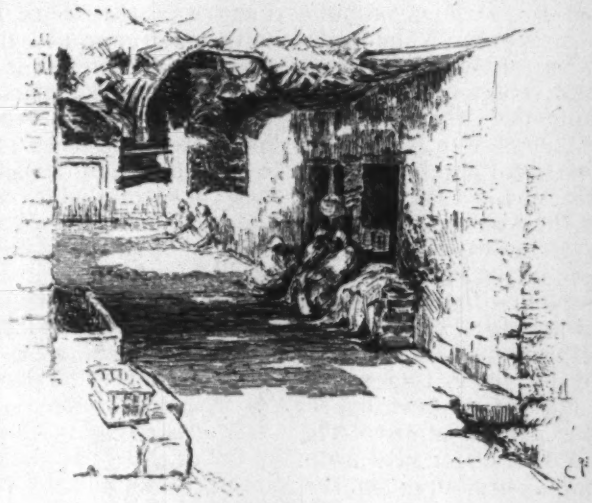
The present population of Jerusalem is not far from forty thousand, and more than half are Jews. They live in a separate quarter of their own, as do also the various divisions of Christians, as the Armenians, the Greeks, and the Protestants. All these quarters are densely built, with narrow and irregular lanes for streets, but the prevailing prosperity does not seem to reach the abodes of the Hebrews. The indications are all of extreme poverty. A synagogue was pointed out bearing an inscription showing that it was the gift of a Paris Rothschild; but its mean appearance and unattractive surroundings bore no suggestion of critical refinement in the congregation. The articles of food set out for sale in the petty little shops were often squalid and repulsive. We came so often upon spoiled salt fish among the stores exposed by the venders, that we concluded it must form a regular element of diet in the quarter. There was no visible sign of industry by which the people might earn their living; and no one need be surprised to learn that in various parts of the world the well-to-do and charitable Jews are regularly called upon to contribute to the support of their pauper brethren in Jerusalem.

We hate to say a word that may discourage any one's search after knowledge, but we must advise our readers who are preparing to see Jerusalem not to read too many books of modern exploration and criticism, for fear of losing all faith in the holy places where the remembrance of the Founder of the Christian religion is most religiously preserved. This modern criticism, conducted in considerable part by men as pious as they are learned, has put into dispute almost every spot of importance in the history of the sacred city. Excepting the site of the Temple and the Mount of Olives, I don't think there is a single locality which remains free from question or denial. The place of the crucifixion and burial of Christ, as the great body of Christians have believed for fifteen hundred years, is marked by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but, apart from the Roman Catholics, the orthodox Greeks, and the Armenians, the majority of Christians would seem to have fixed their faith upon a quite different quarter outside of the present city wall. It is true that few scholars express themselves upon this subject with the vehemence employed by the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant. He avers that "it has now been proved to a demonstration

ARCH OF THE ECCE HOMO.

that, wherever the tomb in which Christ was laid after his crucifixion may have been, it could not have been in the cave over which the gorgeous edifice called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre now stands." The same writer declares that "the Jerusalem of the present day, the holy city of the world *par excellence*, contains within its walls more sacred shams and impostures than any other city in the world." It is evident that much study in this direction cannot lead to that reverential and prayerful spirit in which any person of Christian education must

naturally approach the place where he believes the Redeemer of the world was laid after his execution; and we turn with pleasure from such scepticism to the opposing utterance of such an authority as Mr. William C. Prime. He is a Protestant, understands the question thoroughly, and is familiar with the views of all the scholars who have written upon the subject; yet he believes in the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre. "Critical scholars and learned men employed in investigating the topography of the Holy Land," writes Mr. Prime, "had no doubt of its authenticity in the beginning of the fourth century; no one, so far as we know, thought in that age of disputing the fact, but all men acknowledged its truth; it is not doubted by any one that this is the locality in which those learned men placed their confidence, it having been well preserved from that time to this."



BAZAAR.

But, whatever the attitude of the mind toward these questions, it is impossible, without deep emotion, to observe the throngs of pilgrims from east or west that daily visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We were there one morning when a company of Russians, several hundred in number, as we were told, came to make their devotions at the shrine. They were humble people, men, women, and youths; but the intensity and sincerity of their feeling as they prostrated themselves to kiss the stone pavement in front of the sepulchre, no language could exaggerate. The canker of doubt and the infection of irreverence had never touched their honest and faithful souls. How much more enviable they appeared there in their devout prostration than the sceptic who contemns and the scoffer who jeers at their simple, unquestioning belief!

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was first built by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, in the first half of the fourth century. Two hundred years later it was burned by the Persians, but was soon built upagain. In the tenth century it was twice badly damaged by fire, and in the beginning oftheeleventh century it was injured and desecrated by the Mohammedans. Finally, in the twelfth century, the Crusaders restored it; and, although it has been repeatedly injured by hostile attacks and by accidental conflagrations, much of the original features is still preserved. Around it and opening into it the Catholics, the orthodox Greeks, the Armenians, and the Copts have chapels of their own; and of these that of the Greeks is by far the most ornate and magnificent. To its own chapel each one of these parties has, of course, an exclusive right, but the use of the central church for religious services is allotted to each in its order, and for a certain time of the day; and a guard of Turkish soldiers is constantly present within the outer door of the church to enforce this order, and to keep the different kinds of Christians from disturbing the public peace by contentions for unregulated possession of the church.

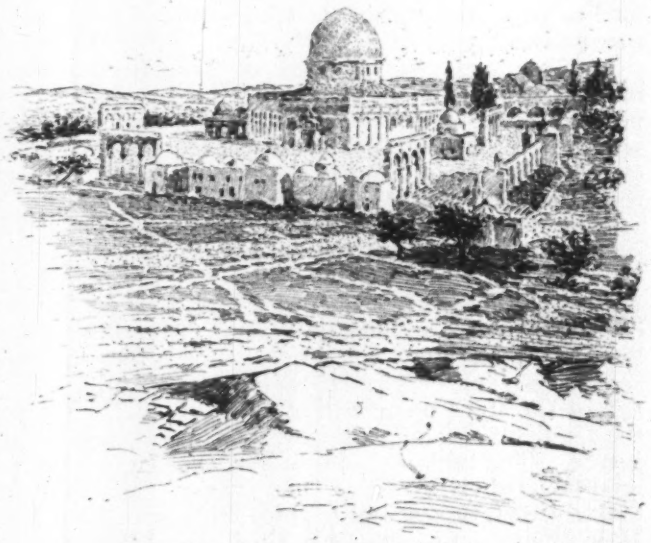
The Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is a small structure of polished stone in the rotunda of the church, under the high vault of its roof. Fifteen lamps are kept burning in this chapel: five belonging to the Greeks, five to the

Catholics, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts. The sarcophagus in which the Lord is believed to have rested, is fitted with a cover of polished stone, porphyry, I think, and this covering is believed by most visitors to be the sepulchre itself. It is constantly worn away by the kisses of the faithful, and has to be replaced every few years. The same is the case with the manger at Bethlehem, where, as the Gospel tells us, Christ was laid as an infant; and that too, though of stone, lasts but a little time, so fervent and so constant are the kisses which pious believers hasten to bestow upon it.

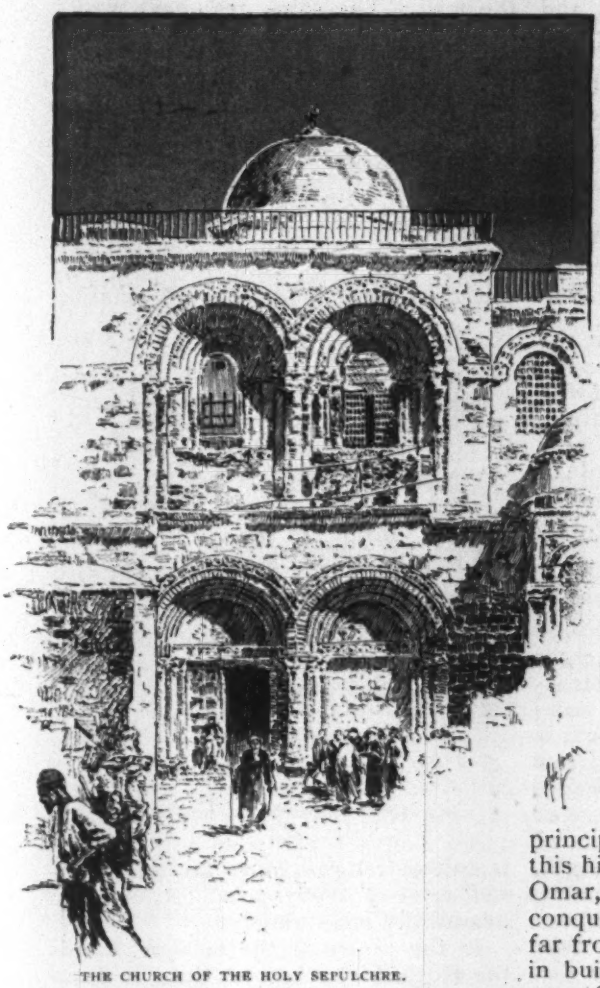
Near the chapel of the sepulchre, and within the enclosure of the church, the visitor is also permitted to examine the place where Christ was nailed to the cross, and the socket in the rock where the cross was erected. Close by, in another chapel, is the place where the vestments of Christ were divided; another chapel is said to stand over the spot where the crown of thorns was put upon him; and in another the impress of his feet is shown in the stone. The sceptic will not admit that these things are true, or that there is any sanctity in the places that inspire the believer with awe and wonder. But for the pious pilgrim, what subjects of religious meditation and holy ecstasy are offered in such relics and such traces of the Saviour's very footsteps! No wonder that the whole Christian world is drawn to Jerusalem by tens of thousands.

The criticism which denies the genuineness of all these remains and relics in and around the Church of the Holy Sepulchre rests upon the argument that this part of Jerusalem was included within the walls of the city at the time of the crucifixion, and that, accordingly, Christ could not have been put to death there, since it is certain that the place of execution was without the wall. The same argument would overthrow the belief, which has also prevailed for centuries, that it was through the street known as the Via Dolorosa that the Divine Victim was led from the tribunal of Pilate to the place of death. This street is perhaps half a mile long, and it is everywhere in close proximity to the present outer wall. Fourteen stations marked with tablets appear to show the path followed from the place of condemnation to the place of execution; and of these, seven or eight are in the Via Dolorosa. At one of them the cross was laid upon the shoulders of Jesus; another is at the spot where he is said to have fallen under that burden; at another he met his mother; at another Simon of Cyrene took the cross from him; at another he paused to speak to the women who accompanied the procession; and at another it is said that he fell again. The last five stations are in the church and the various chapels.

But, if it be true, as the so-called higher critics now maintain, that the crucifixion took place not on the site now marked by the Holy Sepulchre, but on a hill at a short distance outside of the Damascus Gate, it must follow that the Via Dolorosa and its stations cannot have been the line of march which was followed on that tremendous day.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

We will not attempt to consider this controversy at any length, much less to express a decision respecting it. It is enough for our purpose to say that for fifteen hundred years the Christian Church almost unanimously adhered to this belief, and that to reject it would be to change Jerusalem from a home and centre of unquestioning faith into a theatre of disputation and uncertainty.

Turning from the Via Dolorosa and entering into a street broad enough for a carriage, which leads across the city toward the south, we come to a high-vaulted passage two or three hundred feet long, with shops on each side of it, through which we proceed to the stairs that ascend to the ancient platform of the Temple. It was out of this entrance, as the tradition tells us, that He "cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the moneychangers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and he saith unto them, It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye make it a den of robbers." A few steps and we mount to the open place where the Temple formerly stood. It is perhaps ten feet higher than the level of the city on the west, and on the east a substantial wall separates it from the Valley of Kedron, beyond which we behold the trees of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives. On the south a much more massive wall, which completes the quadrangle toward the Valley of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, is undoubtedly a remnant of the foundations which sustained the Temple of Herod; and a considerable portion of it may even date from the Temple of Solomon.

As we have already said, the principal structure which stands upon this historic plateau is the Mosque of Omar, named after the first Moslem conqueror of Jerusalem, although it is far from certain that he was concerned in building it. But, at any rate, it is one of the most sacred places known to the Mohammedan religion. It is only second in sanctity to the Mosque of the Kaaba in Mecca itself. More than this, it is one of the most beautiful among religious edifices, not from its magnitude or from any peculiar genius in its construction, but from the extraordinary charm of its decoration within and without. It is in the shape of an octagon, with each side measuring sixty-six feet long. The outer walls are divided by a moulding or cornice which separates them into a basement sixteen feet high covered with marble, and an upper story twenty feet high, covered entirely with Persian tiles of many colors, most delicate patterns, and splendid lustre, producing altogether an effect of surprising fas-

cination. Nothing could be compared to it, except, perhaps, a gigantic kaleidoscope displaying an endless succession of gorgeous gems and dazzling brilliancy. When you stand near enough to distinguish the tints and the patterns of the tiles, you are absorbed in a delight such as you never felt elsewhere: and if you stand too far off to see so minutely, the effect is that of an infinitely soft and ever-varying rainbow.

Yet there is no uniformity in the patterns or colors of the tiles, though the whole of each panel is covered with the same color and the same pattern. The tiles themselves are in the very highest style of Persian art, made, I should suppose, not later than the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when this branch of keramics was carried to a perfection and a splendor in Persia that have not been attained elsewhere. Accordingly, this part of the mosque must have been decorated some eight or nine hundred years after the structure of the building had been completed, if, indeed, we may say that it is completed yet. In November we saw men at work putting up over the tiles which adorn the outer wall a frieze of other tiles, likewise Persian, each of them two feet or thereabouts in height, of an indigo-blue lustre, and bearing raised white Arabic letters, also about two feet high, and so plain that they could easily be read from some distance below, setting forth verses from the Koran, adoring and praising the Most High. This frieze was not yet finished as much as half way around the octagon, when we inspected it in November; and it looked as if it formed a part of the original design, which they just now had the means to execute. When it is done, it will add very greatly to the dignity and solemnity of the mosque.

The interior of this famous house of worship bore to the full that appearance of high prosperity which we had noticed elsewhere in Jerusalem. The mosaics which beautify the roof seemed almost as brilliant as those of St. Mark's itself, though far less elaborate. The cleanness of the house was perfect, and every inch of the floor was carpeted with rugs of exquisite taste and richness. When the priests came forward to welcome us within the doors, we could tell them without exaggeration that we did not know, even in Christendom, another

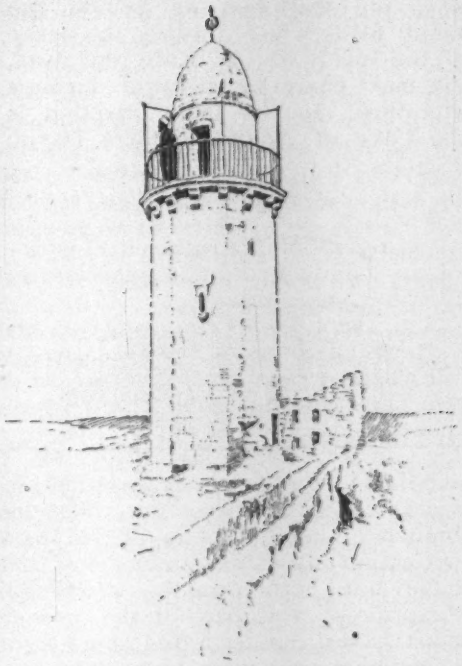
MOSLEMS AT PRAYER IN THE TEMPLE AREA.

temple of religion more faultless in itself, more worthily cared for, or more beautifully maintained.

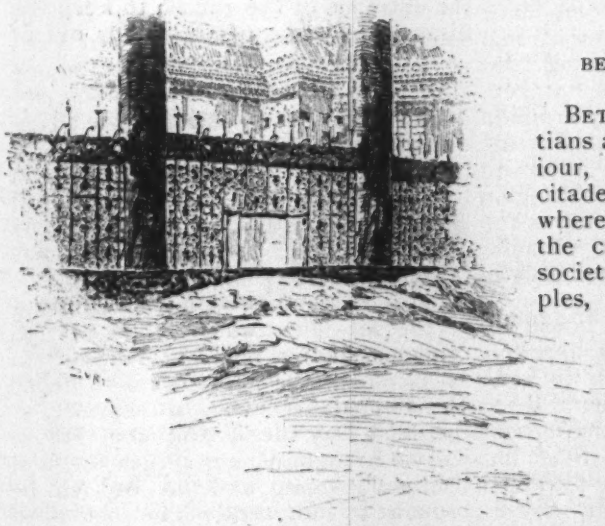
In the centre of the mosque stands the Holy Rock, the one thing in Jerusalem about whose antiquity and identity controversy seems almost impossible. The traditions attached to it are innumerable. Abraham and Melchisedec sacrificed burnt offerings upon it; it was here that Abraham was prevented by the angel from killing his son Isaac; here David established the ark of the covenant; here above the rock was raised the altar of burnt offering in the Temple of Solomon; here, according to the Moslem tradition, was written the unspeakable name of God, which Jesus alone was able to read; hence Mohammed ascended to heaven; at the Last Day the Kaaba from Mecca will be brought here, and then the final trump will sound, and the dead will be brought to judgment. The rock is of irregular natural form. It is more than

fifty feet long and forty feet wide, and channels are shown in it through which the blood of the sacrifices is said to have flowed away. How David became possessor of the place is recorded in the Second Book of Samuel:

"And Gad came that day to David, and said unto him, Go up, rear an altar unto the Lord in the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. And David went up, according to the saying of Gad, as the Lord commanded. And Araunah looked, and saw the king and his servants coming on toward him: and Araunah went out, and bowed himself before the king with his face to the ground. And Araunah said, Wherefore is my lord the king come to his servant? And David said, To buy the threshing-floor of thee, to build an altar unto the Lord, that the plague may be stayed from the people. And Araunah said unto David, Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him: behold, the oxen for the burnt offering, and the threshing instruments and the furniture of the oxen for the wood: all this, O king, doth Araunah give unto the king. And Araunah said unto the king, The Lord thy God accept thee. And the king said unto Araunah, Nay; but I will verily buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God which cost me nothing. So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver. And David built there an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings. So the Lord was intreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel."



THE MUEZZIN CALL ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



UNDER THE DOME OF THE HOLY ROCK.

III.

BETHLEHEM AND BETHANY.

BETHLEHEM, revered of all Christians as the birthplace of the Saviour, lies six miles west of the citadel of Jerusalem; and Bethany, where he loved to withdraw from the crowd, and find rest in the society of near friends and disciples, lies about two miles to the east. The most hasty stay in the Holy City must include a visit to each of these places.

The road to Bethlehem is smooth and pleasant, and objects of extraordinary association approach the mind at every turn. To-

ward the southwest we behold the sunny fields which formed the scene of the lovely idyl of Ruth and Boaz, the most charming story of Hebrew literature. In the same direction is the Cave of Adullam, where David,

DOME OF THE ASCENSION, MOUNT OF OLIVES.

fighting man and captain, but not yet king, had a refuge while the Philistines held his native town; and we know that toward the northwest, though invisible to us as yet, lies the valley where tradition tells us is the very field in which the shepherds were "keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people: for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

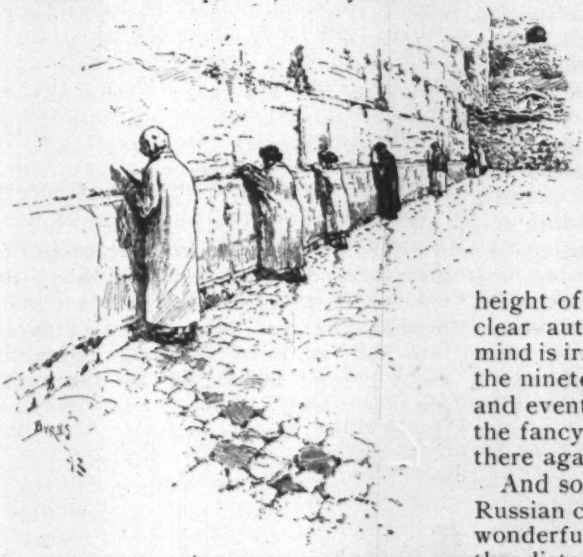
As we drive quietly along, the road passes almost within touching distance of "Rachel's sepulchre in the border of Benjamin at Zelzah," and we stop to gaze at the monument where the mother of Israel was laid to rest four thousand years ago. It is no longer in decay, having been repaired and made clean and seemly through the liberality of the late Moses Montefiore of London. Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans all agree in venerating the mediæval structure which stands here in the place of the pillar or pyramid of twelve rude stones, corresponding to the twelve tribes of Israel, that marked the spot in the most ancient times. Doctor Wilson says that no doubt has ever been raised respecting this grave; yet as we open our Baedeker beside it, we read that "upon many grounds it is impossible" that Rachel can have been buried here!

Bethlehem is a very picturesque hill town. Thirty years ago the most intelligent visitors estimated its population at three thousand, but now our careful Baedeker puts it down at eight thousand, with scarcely any Mohammedans among them. It has shared the activity and the progress which have visited this entire region. The houses are uniformly of stone, and when we sought to approach the great Church of the Nativity, we found the principal streets torn up in the process of laying down sewers, and were obliged to get down and go on foot. The church is a vast and complicated pile of buildings, the Latins and the Armenians having constructed chapels and monasteries about the original edifice, which is in the hands of the orthodox Greek communion. Here, as in Jerusalem, a guard of Turkish soldiers constantly attends in the entrance of the church to keep the disagreeing sorts of Christians out of

SARACENIC PULPIT, MOSQUE OF OMAR.

violent quarrels with each other. The church dates back to the first half of the fourth century. The architecture of the interior is simple, severe, and most impressive; but some of the attached chapels are crowded with crucifixes, lamps of gold and silver, pictures, and tapestries that bewilder the eye with their variety and splendor.

With lighted tapers in our hands, we descended to the Chapel of the Nativity. It was originally a cave, and a staircase of perhaps fifteen steps leads down to it. As we entered, we found the chapel occupied by the vesper service of a brotherhood of Franciscan monks. The Superior, a majestic old



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

man, was officiating at the altar, and the fraternity, men of all ages, knelt upon the marble floor. The music they sang was noble, and the spirit of devotion that filled the scene was irresistible. Fortunate, indeed, are the pilgrims whose few hours in Bethlehem are made memorable by an accident so delightful as was our presence at the vespers of the good Franciscans.

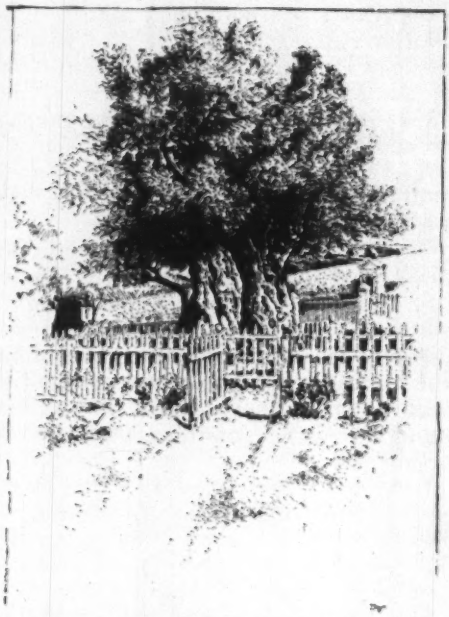
While Bethlehem more than met our expectation, Bethany rather proved a disappointment. It is an insignificant and decaying little hamlet, lying on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, and its few hundred people are all Moslems. To go there, the most convenient method is to drive from Jerusalem. After you reach the points known as the grave of Lazarus, and the house of Mary and Martha, you leave the carriage, and make the rest of the journey over the Mount of Olives on donkeys. At the western foot of the Mount you visit the Garden of Gethsemane; and then you take your carriage again to return to the city.

While we know that Bethany was a favorite place of retirement with Jesus, there is no evidence to convince us that one or the other of the two places pointed out by popular tradition, and by the guides who conduct strangers, was habitually resorted to by him; and no religious communion has adopted either of them as sacred and authentic. Yet, as a whole, Bethany is indisputably connected with many of the most intimate and impressive occurrences of the Gospel history; and, as we pass slowly up its winding and neglected alleys upon our donkeys, with the height of the Mount before us, and the clear autumn sky of Syria above, the mind is irresistibly carried back through the nineteen centuries, and the persons and events of the ancient days seem to the fancy, and almost to the eye, to be there again all real and living.

And so we move forward to the great Russian church on the summit, with the wonderful outlook from its porch upon the distant valley of the Jordan, and the blue strip of the Dead Sea which it reveals, and beyond all the mountains, Moab, with the peak of Nebo, whence Moses beheld the promised land which he might never enter. And then, mounting our donkeys again, we go down the western slope. There Jerusalem is before us, and the mountains of Ephraim that close in the panorama upon the west, while at the foot is the Garden of Gethsemane with its bowed and venerable cypresses whose age is counted by thousands of years, and there is the gentle and engaging old Italian monk who tends its flower-beds and binds up packages of seeds for strangers to carry away. And as he receives the *douceur* that is reached

toward him, "Is it for the poor?" he says. "It is not given in payment."

In all the world there is no other spot that so affects the thoughts of the visitor, nor any human narrative that can touch the heart with such infinite pathos as this of the Evangelist: "And they come unto a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith unto his disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be greatly amazed, and sore troubled. And he saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death: abide ye here and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass away from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; remove this cup from me: howbeit not what I will, but what thou wilt. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. And again he went away, and prayed, saying the same words. And again he came, and found them sleeping, for their eyes were very heavy; and they wist not what to answer him.



ANCIENT OLIVE TREES IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough; the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us be going: behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand."

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FINAL PROBLEM.

THE LAST EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. Conan Doyle.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Refugees," etc.

IT is with a heavy heart that I take up my pen to write these the last words in which I shall ever record the singular gifts by which my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes was distinguished. In an incoherent, and, as I deeply feel, an entirely inadequate fashion, I have endeavored to give some account of my strange experiences in his company, from the chance which first brought us together at the period of the Study in Scarlet, up to the time of his interference in the matter of the Naval Treaty—an interference which had the unquestionable effect of preventing a serious international complication. It was my intention to have stopped there, and to have said nothing of that event which has created a void in my life which the lapse of two years has done little to fill. My hand has been forced, however, by the recent letters in which Colonel James Moriarty defends the memory of his brother, and I have no choice but to lay the facts before the public exactly as they occurred. I alone know the absolute truth of the matter, and I am satisfied that the time has come when no good purpose is to be served by its suppression. As far as I know, there have been only three accounts in the public press: that in the "Journal de Genève" upon May 6, 1891; the Reuter's despatch in the English papers upon May 7; and, finally, the recent letters to which I have alluded. Of these, the first and second were extremely condensed, while the last is, as I shall now show, an absolute perversion of the facts. It lies with me to tell for the first time what really took place between Professor Moriarty and Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

It may be remembered that after my marriage, and my subsequent start in private practice, the very intimate relations which had existed between Holmes and myself became to some

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extent modified. He still came to me, from time to time, when he desired a companion in his investigations; but these occasions grew more and more seldom, until I find that, in the year 1890, there were only three cases of which I retain any record. During the winter of that year and the early spring of 1891 I saw in the papers that he had been engaged by the French Government upon a matter of supreme importance, and I received two notes from Holmes, dated from Narbonne and from Nîmes, from which I gathered that his stay in France was likely to be a long one. It was with some surprise, therefore, that I saw him walk into my consulting-room upon the evening of the 24th of April. It struck me that he was looking even paler and thinner than usual.

"Yes, I have been using myself up rather too freely," he remarked, in answer to my look rather than to my words. "I have been a little pressed of late. Have you any objection to my closing your shutters?"

The only light in the room came from the lamp on the table at which I had been reading. Holmes edged his way round the wall, and flinging the shutters together, he bolted them securely.

"You are afraid of something?" I asked.

"Well, I am."

"Of what?"

"Of air-guns."

"My dear Holmes, what do you mean?"

"I think that you know me well enough, Watson, to understand that I am by no means a nervous man. At the same time it is stupidity rather than courage to refuse to recognize danger when it is close upon you. Might I trouble you for a match?" He drew in the smoke of his cigarette as if the soothing influence was grateful to him.

"I must apologize for calling so late," said he, "and I must further beg you to be so unconventional as to allow me to leave your house presently by scrambling over your back garden wall."

"But what does it all mean?" I asked.

He held out his hand, and I saw in the light of the lamp that two of his knuckles were burst and bleeding.

"It's not an airy nothing, you see," said he smiling. "On the contrary, it is solid enough for a man to break his hand over. Is Mrs. Watson in?"

"She is away upon a visit."

"Indeed! You are alone?"

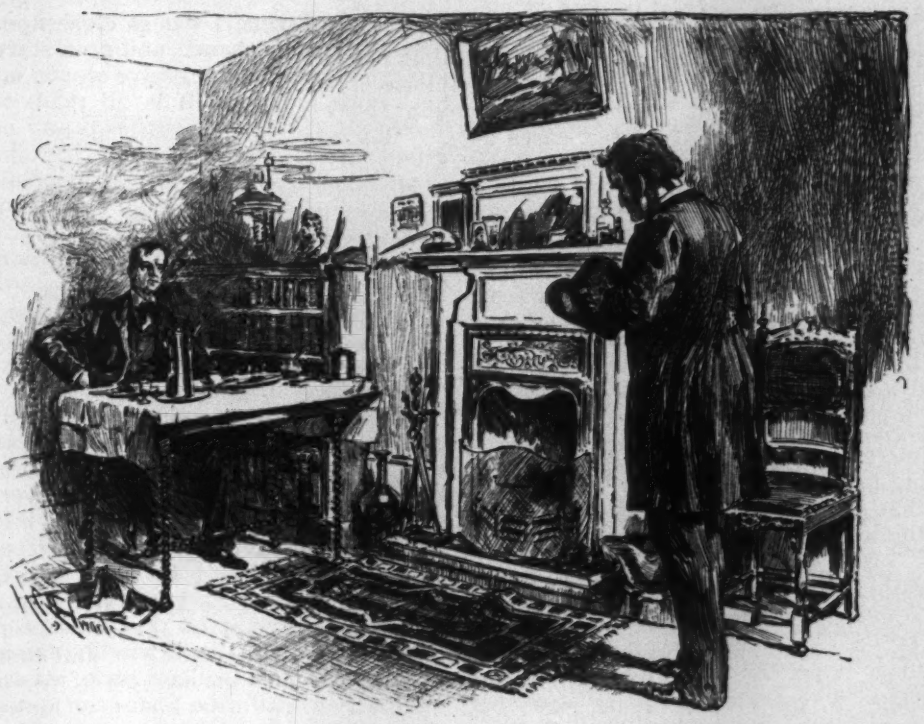
"Quite."

"Then it makes it the easier for me to propose that you should come away with me for a week to the Continent."

"Where?"

"Oh, anywhere. It is all the same to me."

There was something very strange in all this. It was not Holmes's nature to take an aimless holiday, and something about his pale, worn face told me that his nerves were at their highest tension. He saw the question in my eyes, and, putting his finger-tips to-



gether, and his elbows upon his knees, he explained the situation.

"You have probably never heard of Professor Moriarty?" said he.

"Never."

"Ay, there's the genius and the wonder of the thing!" he cried. "The man pervades London, and no one has heard of him. That's what puts him on the pinnacle in the records of crime. I tell you, Watson, in all seriousness, that if I could beat that man, if I could free society of him, I should feel that my own career had reached its summit; and I should be prepared to turn to some more placid line of life. Between ourselves, the recent cases in which I have been of assistance to the royal family of Scandinavia and to the French Republic, have left me in such a position that I could continue to live in the quiet fashion which is most congenial to me, and to concentrate my attention upon my chemical researches. But I could not rest, Watson, I could not sit quiet in my chair, if I thought that such a man as Professor Moriarty were walking the streets of London unchallenged."

"What has he done then?"

"His career has been an extraordinary one. He is a man of good birth and excellent education, endowed by nature with a phenomenal mathematical faculty. At the age of twenty-one he wrote a treatise upon the binomial theorem which has had a European vogue. On the strength of it he won the mathematical chair at one of our smaller universities, and had, to all appearance, a most brilliant career before him. But the man had hereditary tendencies of the most diabolical kind. A criminal strain ran in his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumors gathered round him in the university town, and eventually he was compelled to resign his chair, and to come down to London, where he set up as an army coach. So much is known to the world, but what I am telling you now is what I have myself discovered.

"As you are aware, Watson, there is no one who knows the higher criminal world of London as well as I do.

For some years past I have continually been conscious of some power behind the malefactor, some deep organizing power which forever stands in the way of the law, and throws its shield over the wrong-doer. Again and again, in cases of the most varying sorts, forgery cases, robberies, murders, I have felt the presence of this force, and I have deduced its action in many of those undiscovered crimes in which I have not been personally consulted. For years I have endeavored to break through the veil which shrouded it, and at last the time came when I seized my thread, and followed it until it led me, after a thousand cunning windings, to ex-Professor Moriarty of mathematical celebrity.

"He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil, and of nearly all that is undetected, in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web; but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. Is there a crime to be done, a paper to be abstracted we will say, a house to be rifled, a man to be removed—the word is passed to the Professor, the matter is organized and carried out. The agent may be caught. In that case money is found for his bail or his defence. But the central power which uses the agent is never caught—never so much as suspected. This was the organization which I deduced, Watson, and which I devoted my whole energy to exposing and breaking up.

"But the Professor was fenced round with safeguards so cunningly devised that, do what I would, it seemed impossible to get evidence which could convict in a court of law. You know my powers, my dear Watson, and yet at the end of three months I was forced to confess that I had at last met an antagonist who was my intellectual equal. My horror at his crimes was lost in my admiration of his skill. But at last he made a trip—only a little, little trip—but it was more than he could afford when I was so close upon him. I had my chance, and now, starting from that point, I have woven my net round him until it is all ready to close. In three days, that is to say on Monday next, matters will be ripe, and the Professor, with all the principal members of his gang, will be in the hands of the police. Then will come the greatest criminal trial of the century, the clearing up of over forty mysteries, and the rope for all of them—but if we move at all prematurely, you understand, they may slip out of our hands, even at the last moment.

"Now, if I could have done this without the knowledge of Professor Moriarty, all would have been well. But he was too wily for that. He saw every step which I took to draw my toils round him. Again and again he strove to break away, but I as often headed him off. I tell you, my friend, that if a detailed account of that silent contest could be written, it would take its place as the most brilliant bit of thrust-and-parry work in the history of detection. Never have I risen to such a height, and never have I been so hard pressed by an opponent. He cut deep, and yet I just under-cut him. This morning the last steps were taken, and

three days only are wanted to complete the business. I was sitting in my room, thinking the matter over, when the door opened and Professor Moriarty stood before me.

"My nerves are fairly proof, Watson, but I must confess to a start when I saw the very man who had been so

much in my thoughts standing there on my threshold. His appearance was quite familiar to me. He is extremely tall and thin, his forehead domes out in a white curve, and his two eyes are deeply sunken in his head. He is clean-shaven, pale and ascetic looking, retaining something of the professor in his features. His shoulders are rounded from much study, and his face protrudes forward, and is forever slowly oscillating from side to side in a curiously reptilian fashion. He peered at me with great curiosity in his puckered eyes.

"'You have less frontal development than I should have expected,' said he at last. 'It is a dangerous habit to finger loaded firearms in the pocket of one's dressing-gown.'

"The fact is, that upon his entrance I had instantly recognized the extreme personal danger in which I lay. The only conceivable escape for him lay in silencing my tongue. In an instant I had slipped the revolver from the drawer into my pocket, and was covering him through the cloth. At his remark I drew the weapon out and laid it, cocked, upon the table. He still smiled and blinked, but there was something about his eyes which made me feel very glad that I had it there.

"'You evidently don't know me,' said he.

"'On the contrary,' I answered, 'I think it is fairly evident that I do. Pray take a chair. I can spare you five minutes if you have anything to say.'

"'All that I have to say has already crossed your mind,' said he.

"'Then possibly my answer has crossed yours,' I replied.

"'You stand fast?'

"'Absolutely.'

"He clapped his hand into his pocket, and I raised the pistol from the table. But he merely drew out a memorandum book in which he had scribbled some dates.

"'You crossed my path on the fourth of January,' said he; 'on the twenty-third you incommoded me; by the middle of February I was seriously inconvenienced by you; at the end of March I was absolutely hampered in my plans; and now, at the close of April, I find myself placed in such a position, through your continual persecution, that I am in positive danger of losing my liberty. The situation is becoming an impossible one.'

"'Had you any suggestion to make?' I asked.

"'You must drop it, Mr. Holmes,' said he, swaying his face about; 'you really must, you know.'

"'After Monday,' said I.

"'Tut, tut!' said he. 'I am quite sure that a man of your intelligence will see that there can be but one outcome to this affair. It is necessary that you should withdraw. You have worked things in such a fashion that we have only one recourse left. It has been an intellectual treat to me to see the way in which you have grappled with this affair, and I say unaffectedly that it would be a grief to me to be forced to take any extreme measure. You smile, sir, but I assure you that it really would.'

"'Danger is part of my trade,' I remarked.

"'This is not danger,' said he. 'It

is inevitable destruction. You stand in the way not merely of an individual, but of a mighty organization, the full extent of which you, with all your cleverness, have been unable to realize. You must stand clear, Mr. Holmes, or be trodden under foot.'

"'I am afraid,' said I, rising, 'that in the pleasure of this conversation I am neglecting business of importance which awaits me elsewhere.'

"He rose also, and looked at me in silence, shaking his head sadly.

"'Well, well,' said he at last, 'it seems a pity, but I have done what I could. I know every move of your game. You can do nothing before Monday. It has been a duel between you and me, Mr. Holmes. You hope to place me in the dock. I tell you that I will never stand in the dock. You hope to beat me. I tell you that you will never beat me. If you are clever enough to bring destruction upon me, rest assured that I will do as much to you.'

"'You have paid me several compliments, Mr. Moriarty,' said I. 'Let me pay you one in return when I say, that if I were assured of the former eventuality I would, in the interests of the public, cheerfully accept the latter.'

"'I can promise you the one, but not the other,' he snarled; and so turned his rounded back upon me, and went peering and blinking out of the room.

"That was my singular interview with Professor Moriarty. I confess that it left an unpleasant effect upon my mind. His soft, precise fashion of speech leaves a conviction of sincerity which a mere bully could not produce. Of course you will say, why not take police precautions against him? The reason is, that I am well convinced that it is from his agents that the blow would fall. I have the best of proofs that it would be so."

"You have already been assaulted?"

"My dear Watson, Professor Moriarty is not a man who lets the grass grow under his feet. I went out about midday to transact some business in Oxford Street. As I passed the corner which leads from Bentinck Street to the Welbeck Street crossing, a two-horse van, furiously driven, whizzed round, and was on me like a flash. I sprang for the footpath, and saved myself by the fraction of a second. The van dashed round by Marylebone Lane, and was gone in an instant. I kept to the pavement after that, Watson, but as I walked down Vere Street a brick fell from the roof of one of the houses, and was shattered to fragments at my feet. I called the police, and had the place examined. There were slates and bricks piled upon the roof preparatory to some repairs, and they would have me believe that the wind had toppled over one of these. Of course I knew better, but I could prove nothing. I took a cab after that, and reached my brother's rooms in Pall Mall, where I spent the day. Now I have come round to you, and on my way I was attacked by a rough with a bludgeon. I knocked him down, and the police have him in custody; but I can tell you, with the most absolute confidence, that no possible connection will ever be traced between the gentleman upon whose front teeth I have barked my knuckles, and the retiring mathematical coach who is, I dare say, working out problems upon a blackboard ten miles away. You will

not wonder, Watson, that my first act on entering your rooms was to close your shutters, and that I have been compelled to ask your permission to leave the house by some less conspicuous exit than the front door."

I had often admired my friend's courage, but never more than now, as he sat quietly checking off a series of incidents which must have combined to make up a day of horror.

"You will spend the night here," I said.

"No, my friend, you might find me a dangerous guest. I have my plans laid, and all will be well. Matters have gone so far now that they can move without my help as far as the arrest goes, though my presence is necessary for a conviction. It is obvious, therefore, that I cannot do better than get away for the few days which remain before the police are at liberty to act. It would be a great pleasure to me, therefore, if you could come to the Continent with me."

"The practice is quiet," said I, "and I have an accommodating neighbor. I should be glad to come."

"And to start to-morrow morning?"

"If necessary."

"Oh, yes, it is most necessary. Then these are your instructions, and I beg, my dear Watson, that you will obey them to the letter; for you are now playing a double-handed game with me against the cleverest rogue and the most powerful syndicate of criminals in Europe. Now listen! You will despatch any luggage you intend to take, by a trusty messenger, unaddressed, to Victoria to-night. In the morning you will send for a hansom, desiring your man to take neither the first nor the second which may present itself. Into this hansom you will jump, and you will drive to the Strand end of the Lowther Arcade, handing the address to the cabman upon a slip of paper with a request that he will not throw it away. Have your fare ready, and the instant that your cab stops, dash through the Arcade, timing yourself to reach the other side at quarter past nine. You will find a small brougham waiting, close to the curb, driven by a fellow in a heavy black cloak, tipped at the collar with red. Into this you will step, and you will reach Victoria in time for the Continental express."

"Where shall I meet you?"

"At the station. The second first-class carriage from the front will be reserved for us."

"The carriage is our rendezvous, then?"

"Yes."

It was in vain that I asked Holmes to remain for the evening. It was evident to me that he thought he might bring trouble to the roof that he was under, and that that was the motive which impelled him to go. With a few hurried words as to our plans for the morrow he rose, and came out with me into the garden, clambering over the wall which leads into Mortimer Street, and immediately whistling for a hansom, in which I heard him drive away.

In the morning I obeyed Holmes's injunctions to the letter. A hansom was procured with such precautions as would prevent its being one which was placed ready for us, and I drove immediately after breakfast to the Lowther Arcade, through which I hurried at the top of my speed. A brougham was

waiting with a very massive driver wrapped in a dark cloak, who, the instant that I stepped in, whipped up the horse and rattled off to Victoria station. On my alighting there he turned the carriage, and dashed away again without so much as a look in my direction.

So far all had gone admirably. My luggage was waiting for me, and I had no difficulty in finding the carriage which Holmes had indicated, the less so as it was the only one in the train which was marked "engaged." My one source of anxiety now was the non-appearance of Holmes. The station clock marked only seven minutes from the time when we were due to start. In vain I searched among the groups of travellers and leave-takers for the lithe figure of my friend. There was no sign of him. I spent a few minutes in assisting a venerable Italian priest who was endeavoring to make a porter understand, in his broken English, that his luggage was to be booked through to Paris. Then, having taken another look round, I returned to my carriage, where I found that the porter, in spite of the ticket, had given me my decrepit Italian friend as a travelling companion. It was useless for me to explain to him that his presence was an intrusion, for my Italian was even more limited than his English; so I shrugged my shoulders resignedly, and continued to look out anxiously for my friend. A chill of fear had come over me as I thought that his absence might mean that some blow had fallen during the night. Already the doors had all been shut and the whistle blown, when—

"My dear Watson," said a voice, "you have not even condescended to say good morning."

I turned in uncontrollable astonishment. The aged ecclesiastic had turned his face towards me. For an instant the wrinkles disappeared, the nose drew away from the chin, the lower lip ceased to protrude and the mouth to mumble; the dull eyes regained their fire; the drooping figure expanded. The next, the whole frame collapsed again, and Holmes had gone as quickly as he had come.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "How you startled me!"

"Every precaution is still necessary," he whispered. "I have reason to think that they are hot upon our trail. Ah, there is Moriarty himself!"

The train had already begun to move as Holmes spoke. Glancing back I saw a tall man pushing his way furiously through the crowd, and waving his hand as if he desired to have the train stopped. It was too late, however, for we were rapidly gathering momentum, and an instant later had shot clear of the station.

"With all our precautions you see that we have cut it rather fine," said Holmes laughing. He rose, and throwing off the black cassock and hat which had formed his disguise, he packed them away in a handbag.

"Have you seen the morning paper, Watson?"

"No."

"You haven't seen about Baker Street, then?"

"Baker Street?"

"They set fire to our rooms last night. No great harm was done."

"Good heavens, Holmes! This is intolerable."

"They must have lost my track completely after their bludgeon man was arrested. Otherwise they could not have imagined that I had returned to my rooms. They have evidently taken the precaution of watching you, however, and that is what has brought Moriarty to Victoria. You could not have made any slip in coming?"

"I did exactly what you advised."

"Did you find your brougham?"

"Yes, it was waiting."

"Did you recognize your coachman?"

"No."

"It was my brother Mycroft. It is an advantage to get about in such a case without taking a mercenary into your confidence. But we must plan what we are to do about Moriarty now."

"As this is an express, and as the boat runs in connection with it, I should think that we had shaken him off very effectively."

"My dear Watson, you evidently did not realize my meaning when I said that this man may be taken as being quite on the same intellectual plane as myself. You do not imagine that if I were the pursuer I should allow myself to be baffled by so slight an obstacle? Why, then, should you think so meanly of him?"

"What will he do?"

"What I should do."

"What would you do, then?"

"Engage a special."

"But it must be late."

"By no means. This train stops at Canterbury. And there is always at least a quarter of an hour's delay at the boat. He will catch us there."

"One would think that we were the criminals. Let us have him arrested on his arrival."

"It would be to ruin the work of three months. We should get the big fish, but the smaller would dart right and left out of the net. On Monday we should have them all. No, an arrest is inadmissible."

"What, then?"

"We shall get out at Canterbury."

"And then?"

"Well, then we must make a cross-country journey to Newhaven, and so over to Dieppe. Moriarty will again do what I should do. He will get on to Paris, mark down our luggage, and wait for two days at the depot. In the mean time we shall treat ourselves to a couple of carpet-bags, encourage the manufactures of the countries through which we travel, and make our way at our leisure into Switzerland, via Luxembourg and Basle."

I am too old a traveller to allow myself to be seriously inconvenienced by the loss of my luggage, but I confess that I was annoyed at the idea of being forced to dodge and hide before a man whose record was black with unutterable infamies. It was evident, however, that Holmes understood the situation more clearly than I did. At Canterbury, therefore, we alighted, only to find that we should have to wait an hour before we could get a train to Newhaven.

I was still looking rather ruefully after the rapidly disappearing luggage van which contained my wardrobe, when Holmes pulled my sleeve and pointed up the line.

"Already, you see," said he.

Far away, from among the Kentish woods, there rose a thin spray of smoke. A minute later a carriage and engine could be seen flying along the open curve which leads to the station. We had hardly time to take our place behind a pile of luggage when it passed with a rattle and roar, beating a blast of hot air into our faces.

"There he goes," said Holmes as we watched the carriage swing and rock over the points. "There are limits, you see, to our friend's intelligence. It would have been a *coup-de-maitre* had he deduced what I would deduce, and acted accordingly."

"And what would he have done had he overtaken us?"

"There cannot be the least doubt that he would have made a murderous attack upon me. It is, however, a game at which two may play. The question now is, whether we should take a premature lunch here, or run our chance of starving before we reach the buffet at Newhaven."

We made our way to Brussels that night, and spent two days there, moving on upon the third day as far as Strasbourg. On the Monday morning Holmes had telegraphed to the London police, and in the evening we found a reply waiting for us at our hotel. Holmes tore it open, and then with a bitter curse hurled it into the grate.

"I might have known it!" he groaned. "He has escaped."

"Moriarty?"

"They have secured the whole gang with the exception of him. He has given them the slip. Of course, when I had left the country there was no one to cope with him. But I did think that I had put the game in their hands. I think that you had better return to England, Watson."

"Why?"

"Because you will find me a dangerous companion now. This man's occupation is gone. He is lost if he returns to London. If I read his character right, he will devote his whole energies to revenging himself upon me. He said as much in our short interview, and I fancy that he meant it. I should certainly recommend you to return to your practice."

It was hardly an appeal to be successful with one who was an old campaigner as well as an old friend. We sat in the Strasbourg *salle-à-manger* arguing the question for half an hour, but the same night we had resumed our journey, and were well on our way to Geneva.

For a charming week we wandered up the valley of the Rhone, and then, branching off at Leuk, we made our way over the Gemmi Pass, still deep in snow, and so by way of Interlaken to Meiringen. It was a lovely trip, the dainty greens of the spring below, the virgin white of the winter above; but it was clear to me that never for one instant did Holmes forget the shadow which lay across him. In the homely Alpine villages or in the lonely mountain passes, I could still tell, by his quick-glancing eyes and his sharp scrutiny of every face that passed us, that

he was well convinced that, walk where we would, we could not walk ourselves clear of the danger which was dogging our footsteps.

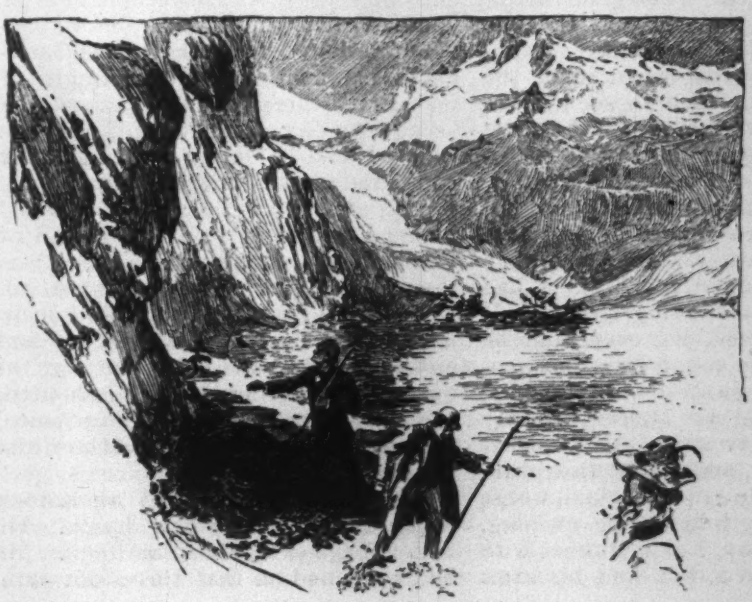
Once, I remember, as we passed over the Gemmi, and walked along the border of the melancholy Daubensee, a large rock which had been dislodged from the ridge upon our right clattered down, and roared into the lake behind us. In an instant Holmes had raced onto the ridge, and, standing on a lofty pinnacle, craned his neck in every direction. It was in vain that our guide assured him that a fall of stones was a common chance in the spring-time at that spot. He said nothing, but he smiled at me with the air of a man who sees the fulfillment of that which he had expected.

And yet, for all his watchfulness, he was never depressed. On the contrary, I can never recollect having seen him in such exuberant spirits. Again and again he recurred to the fact that if he could be assured that society was freed from Professor Moriarty he would cheerfully bring his own career to a conclusion.

"I think that I may go so far as to say, Watson, that I have not lived wholly in vain," he remarked. "If my record were closed to-night I could still survey it with equanimity. The air of London is the sweeter for my presence. In over a thousand cases I am not aware that I have ever used my powers upon the wrong side. Of late I have been tempted to look into the problems furnished by nature rather than those more superficial ones for which our artificial state of society is responsible. Your 'Memoirs' will draw to an end, Watson, upon the day that I crown my career by the capture or the extinction of the most dangerous and capable criminal in Europe."

I shall be brief, and yet exact, in the little which remains for me to tell. It is not a subject on which I would willingly dwell, and yet I am conscious that a duty devolves upon me to omit no detail.

It was upon the third of May that we reached the little village of Meiringen, where we put up at the Englischer Hof, then kept by Peter Steiler the elder. Our landlord was an intelligent man, and spoke excellent English, having served for three years as waiter at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. At his advice, upon the afternoon of the fourth we set off together, with the intention of crossing the hills, and spending the night at the hamlet of Rosenlaui. We had strict injunctions, however, on no account to pass the falls of Reichenbach, which are about half way up the hill, without making a small detour to see them.



It is indeed a fearful place. The torrent, swollen by the melting snows, plunges into a tremendous abyss, from which the spray rolls up like the smoke from a burning house. The shaft into which the river hurls itself is an immense chasm, lined by glistening, coal-

black rock, and narrowing into a creaming, boiling pit of incalculable depth, which brims over, and shoots the stream onward over its jagged lip. The long sweep of green water, roaring forever down, and the thick flickering curtain of spray hissing forever upwards, turn a man giddy with their constant whirl and clamor. We stood near the edge, peering down at the gleam of the breaking water, far below us, against the black rocks, and listening to the half-human shout which came booming up with the spray out of the abyss.

The path has been cut half way round the fall to afford a complete view, but it ends abruptly, and the traveller has to return as he came. We had turned to do so, when we saw a Swiss lad come running along it with a letter in his hand. It bore the mark of the hotel which we had just left, and was addressed to me by the landlord. It appeared that within a very few minutes of our leaving, an English lady had arrived, who was in the last stage of consumption. She had wintered at Davos Platz, and was journeying now to join her friends at Lucerne, when a sudden hemorrhage had overtaken her. It was thought that she could hardly live a few hours, but it would be a great consolation to her to see an English doctor, and if I would only return, etc., etc. The good Steiler assured me, in a postscript, that he would himself look upon my compliance as a very great favor, since the lady absolutely refused to see a Swiss physician, and he could not but feel that he was incurring a great responsibility.

The appeal was one which could not be ignored. It was impossible to refuse the request of a fellow-countrywoman dying in a strange land. Yet I had my scruples about leaving Holmes. It was finally agreed, however, that he should retain the young Swiss messenger with him as guide and companion, while I returned to Meiringen. My friend would stay some little time at the fall, he said, and would then walk slowly over the hill to Rosenlaui, where I was to rejoin him in the evening. As I turned away, I saw Holmes with his back against a rock and his arms folded, gazing down at the rush of the waters. It was the last that I was ever destined to see of him in this world.

When I was near the bottom of the descent I looked back. It was impossible from that position to see the fall, but I could see the curving path which winds over the shoulder of the hill and leads to it. Along this a man was, I remember, walking very rapidly. I could see his black figure clearly outlined against the green behind him. I noted him and the energy with which he walked, but he passed from my mind again as I hurried on, upon my errand.

It may have been a little over an hour before I reached Meiringen. Old Steiler was standing at the porch of his hotel.

"Well," said I, as I came hurrying up, "I trust that she is no worse."

A look of surprise passed over his face, and at that first quiver of his eyebrows my heart turned to lead in my breast.

"You did not write this?" I said, pulling the letter from my pocket. "There is no sick Englishwoman in the hotel?"

"Certainly not," he cried.

"But it has the hotel mark upon it!"

"Ha! It must have been written by that tall Englishman who came in after you had gone," he said.

But I waited for none of the landlord's explanations. In a tingle of fear I was already running down the village street, and making for the path which I had so lately descended. It had taken me an hour to come down. For all my efforts two more had passed before I found myself at the fall of Reichenbach once more. There was the path on which Holmes had stood. There was his alpenstock still leaning against the rock by which I had left him. But there was no sign of him, and it was in vain that I shouted. My only answer was my own voice, reverberating in a rolling echo from the cliffs around me.

It was the sight of that alpenstock which turned me cold and sick. He had not gone to Rosenlaui then. He had remained on that three-foot path,

with sheer wall on one side and sheer drop upon the other, until his enemy had overtaken him. The young Swiss had gone too. He had probably been in the pay of Moriarty, and had left the two men together. And then what had happened? Who was to tell us what had happened then?

I stood for a minute or two to collect

myself, for I was dazed with the horror of the thing. Then I began to think of Holmes's own methods, and to try to practise them in reading this tragedy. It was, alas! only too easy to do. During our conversation we had not gone to the end of the path, and the alpenstock marked the spot where we had stood. The blackish soil is kept forever soft by the incessant drift of spray, and a bird would leave its tread upon it. Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the further end of the path, both leading away from me. There were none returning. A few yards from the end the soil was all ploughed up into a patch of mud, and the brambles and ferns which fringed the chasm were torn and bedraggled.

I lay upon my face and peered over, with the spray spouting up all around me. It had darkened since I left, and now I could only see here and there the glistening of moisture upon the black walls, and far away, down at the end of the shaft, the gleam of the broken water. I shouted, but only that same half-human cry of the fall was borne back to my ears.

But it was destined that I should, after all, have a last word of greeting from my friend and comrade. I have said that his alpenstock had been left leaning against a rock which jutted into the path. From the top of this boulder the gleam of something bright caught my eye, and, raising my hand, I found that it came from the silver cigarette case which he used to carry. As I took it up a small square of paper upon which it had lain fluttered down to the ground. Unfolding it, I found that it consisted of three pages torn from his notebook, and addressed to me. It was characteristic of the man that the direction was as precise, and the writing as firm and clear, as though it had been written in his study.

"My dear Watson," he said, "I write these few lines through the courtesy of Mr. Moriarty, who awaits my convenience for the final discussion of those questions which lie between us. He has been giving me a sketch of the methods by which he avoided the English police, and kept himself informed of our movements. They certainly confirm the very high opinion which I had formed of his abilities. I am pleased to think that I shall be able

to free society from any further effects of his presence, though I fear that it is at a cost which may give pain to my friends, and especially, my dear Watson, to you. I have already explained to you, however, that my career had, in any case, reached its crisis, and that no possible conclusion to it could be more congenial to me than this. Indeed, if I may make a full confession to you, I was quite convinced that the letter from Meiringen was a hoax, and I allowed you to depart on that errand under the persuasion that some development of this sort would follow. Tell Inspector Patterson that the papers which he needs to convict the gang are in pigeon-hole M, done up in a blue envelope, and inscribed 'Moriarty.' I have made every disposition of my property before leaving England, and handed it to my brother Mycroft. Pray give my greetings to Mrs. Watson, and believe me to be, my dear fellow,

"Very sincerely yours,

"SHERLOCK HOLMES."

A few words may suffice to tell the little that remains. An examination by experts leaves little doubt that a personal contest between the two men ended, as it could hardly fail to end in such a situation, in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms. Any attempt at recovering the bodies was absolutely hopeless, and there, deep down in that dreadful cauldron of swirling water and seething foam, will lie for all time the most dangerous criminal and the foremost champion of the law of their generation. The Swiss youth was never seen again, and there can be no doubt that he was one of the numerous agents whom Moriarty kept in his employ. As to the gang, it will be within the memory of the public how completely the evidence which Holmes had accumulated exposed their organization, and how heavily the hand of the dead man weighed upon them. Of their terrible chief few details came out during the proceedings, and if I have now been compelled to make a clear statement of his career, it is due to those injudicious champions who have endeavored to clear his memory by attacks upon him whom I shall ever regard as the best and the wisest man whom I have known.

TO MY WIFE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

FAST falls the snow, O lady mine!
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine;
But, by the gods, we won't repine,
While we're together!
We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,
Defying weather.

So stir the fire and pour the wine,
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love-madness into mine;
I don't care whether
'Tis snow or sun, or rain or shine,
If we're together.